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MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1993

FALL ISSUE

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW:
GILBERT GOTTFRIED PICKS HIS NFL

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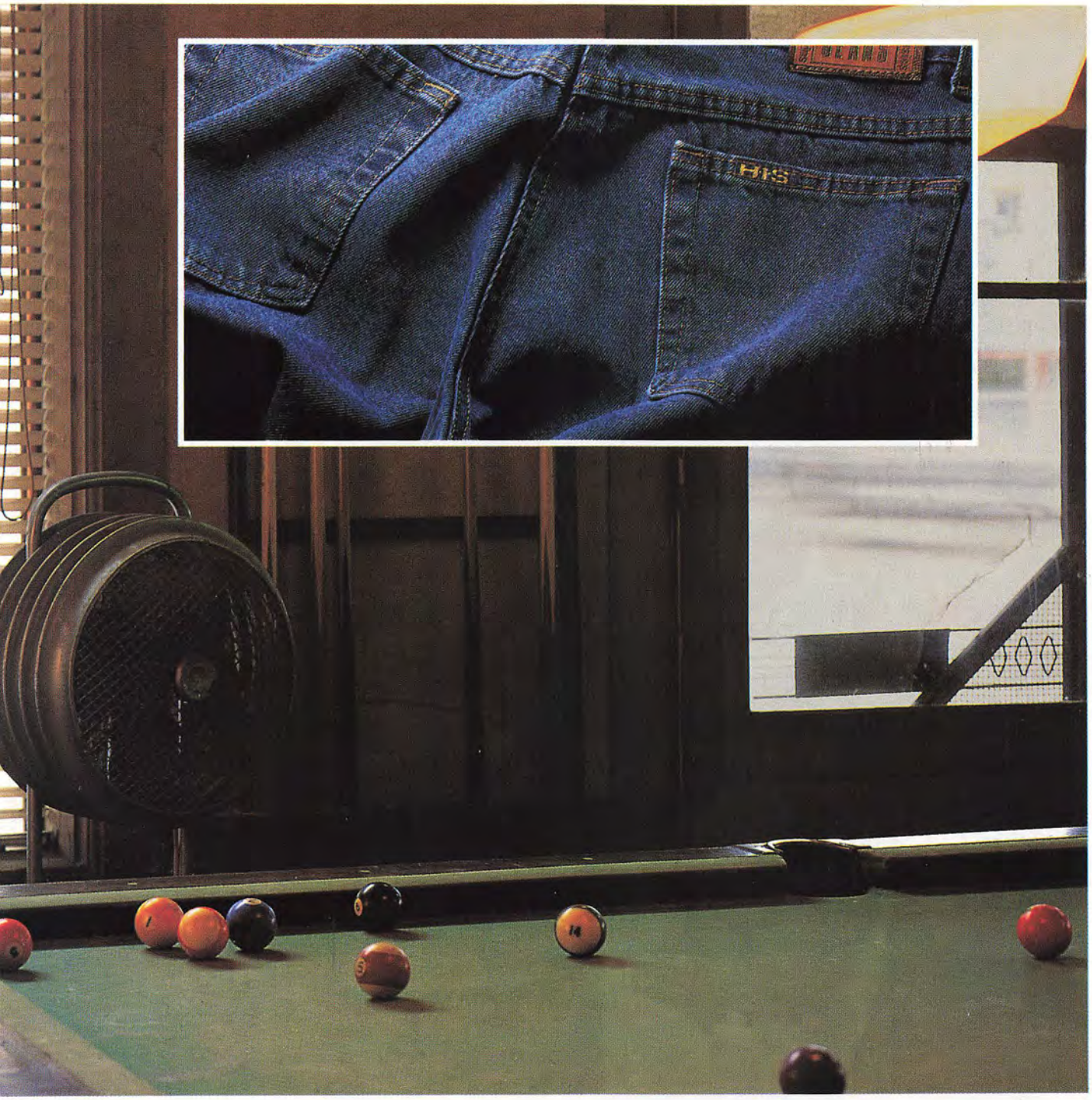

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jeff Rotman, contributing photographer to this issue's Risky Business feature, has produced three books of thought-provoking underwater photography during his 20-year career. This is not a job for the faint-hearted, but one that requires skill, courage and patience. An expert naturalist, Rotman has been known to spend over three hours photographing a single subject and is considered a hero among his peers.

Peter Gorman has written about sharks and other predators for the European magazines Terre Sauvage, Max and Airone, and has been published in the United States in Wildlife Conservation, Omni, Elle, Spy, High Times and The Village Voice.

Steve Krongard photographed the slinky snakes and luxurious lizards, provocatively presented in our fashion layout. Krongard, an award-winning fashion and commercial photographer from New York, is best known for his versatility, which ranges from still-lifes taken in his Soho studio to portraits and photographs of exotic locations.

The world of **James Purdy** is a strange and twisted place. The award-winning novelist is recognized as one of America's finest contemporary writers. Working with the subjects of ruined communities, failed relationships and unbearable loneliness, Purdy has published many acclaimed novels, short stories, poems and plays. We think "How I Became a Shadow" is an excellent example of his flair for the bizzare and the unpredictable.

When asked what he thinks about while performing onstage, reknowned comedian **Gilbert Gottfried** replies, "Everything. My laundry. Whether waxed or unwaxed dental floss is best. How many bristles are in a hairbrush..." Due to his rapier wit, Gottfried plays to sold-out audiences at comedy clubs nationwide, and is a frequent guest star on network television. We think Gottfried's gridiron picks will put a whole new spin on this year's NFL season.

Steve Goldberg still confuses football with soccer which, of course, made him the perfect writer to work with Gilbert Gottfried.

In this month's article "Eco Pirates," **Larry Wichman** presents a compelling portrait of environmental vigilantes who sail the high seas. In addition to being a top-notch journalist, Wichman is a musician and songwriter, and has published books on music and home studio technology.

Robin Keats writes for television and magazines and is a recognized expert on pop culture. His book, "TV Land" will be out next spring. With "In God We Thrust," Keats turns his investigative instincts in a different direction, offering up an informative and disturbing look at cult mania and sexual obsession. ●

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THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE NAVY

In an age of missile warfare, when naval battles can be waged from distances of several hundred miles, and the ship to fire first is the ship most likely to remain afloat, being radar-invisible is a tremendous asset.

Enter the U.S. Navy's Sea Shadow, an experimental vessel built in the mid-1980s by Lockheed Missiles & Space, Inc., which was designed to explore the feasibility of applying stealth, antiradar technology to surface ships.

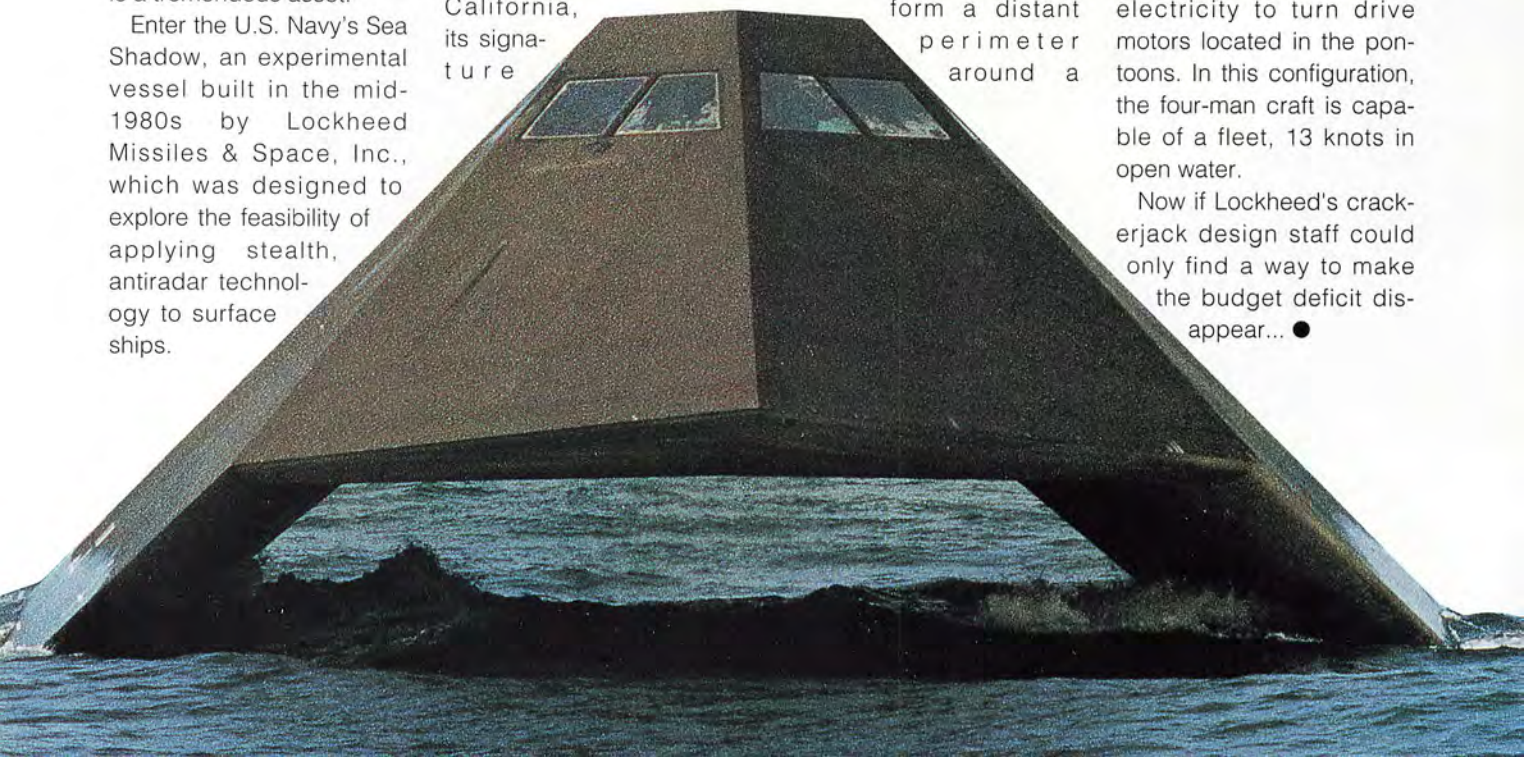
Like the Lockheed F-117 Stealth Fighter, the Sea Shadow utilizes angled facets and weldedsteel construction to scatter radar beams, making it impossible for the enemy to electronically determine its precise location.

The Sea Shadow and the F-117 were, in fact, developed simultaneously by Lockheed's Advanced Development Projects organization, better known as the "Skunk Works," in Canoga Park, California. It was then assembled in the legendary Hughes Mining Barge, an enclosed, mobile dock that was originally built to facilitate the CIA's attempts to recover secret weapons technology from sunken Soviet submarines lying on the sea bed. The secret vessel has used the barge as its base of operations for the past 10 years.

Although the Sea Shadow remained top secret until April 11, 1993, when the Navy took the vessel for its first daylight run in waters off Northern California, its signature control ("stealth") technology has already been incorporated into the Navy's DDG-51 Arleigh Burke class destroyer. The Navy is also considering the use of stealth vessels as a seaborne defense shield against incoming aircraft. Such ships would be outfitted with anti-aircraft and antimissile weapon systems, and positioned to form a distant perimeter around a convoy of conventional warships.

The Sea Shadow, which is 160 feet long, 70 feet wide, displaces 560 tons and has a draft of 14 feet, is designed as a catamaran, and rides on two pontoons which remain submerged. It is powered by a twin-screw, diesel-electric drive, with diesel engines in the main body producing electricity to turn drive motors located in the pontoons. In this configuration, the four-man craft is capable of a fleet, 13 knots in open water.

Now if Lockheed's crackerjack design staff could only find a way to make the budget deficit disappear... ●



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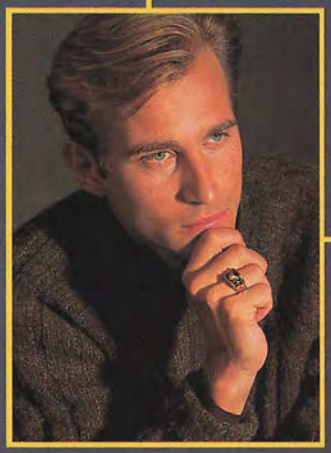

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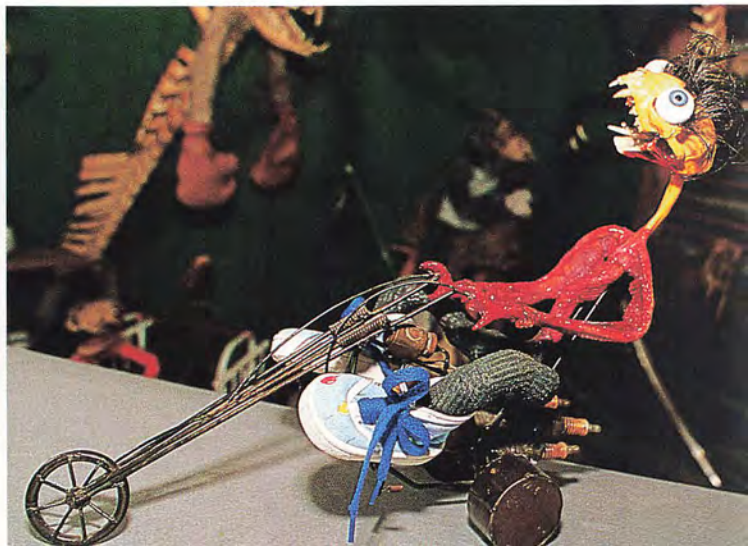
MUPPETS FROM HELL

No, this man is not Jim Henson. Nor are the twisted little mutants surrounding him stunt-puppets for Kermit, Gonzo or Miss Piggy. They're the handiwork of creepy creature sculptor Jim Suesens.

Suesens, 49, of Rio Linda, California, is a talented artisan of the macabre, whose strange, little friends are actually dead, little animals. When not operating a fork lift at McClellan Air Force Base, Seusens combs the countryside for the sun-bleached skeletons of deer, goats and birds, etc., which he visually reanimates with the aid of junk jewelry and assorted doo-dads culled from local swap meets. Looking for Grandpa's dentures? He's probably used them.

Suesens, whose attraction to road kill may or may not have anything to do with the fact that he drove a Greyhound Bus for 15 years, hopes one day to see his unique artwork on display in a gallery. Perhaps something along the side of the highway would be more apropos. ●



REST IN GLITZ

If there is one sector of the economy that you'd expect to be recession-proof, it would be the cemetery business. Yet, confronted by declining death rates and a surge in cremations, independent burial ground operators are feeling the pinch. As a result, the competition for our bones has become, well, stiff.

This has led to some particularly tasteless sales gimmicks, such as the offer of discount pizzas to each prospective corpse, two-for-one sales and double-decker plots. At Forest Lawn Cemetery, in Los Angeles, operators have introduced the graveyard-as-theme park concept. Throughout the burial grounds, statues are wired for sound, while an actor dressed as Abraham Lincoln walks among the headstones, presumably offering solace to the mourners. On Easter Sunday, a guest appearance is put in by no less of a celestial celebrity than Jesus Christ, himself.

Forest Lawn, with its souvenir shops and celebrity graves, is second only to Arlington National Cemetery in attracting tourists.

If all this doesn't make death seem more inviting, consider the current boom in upscale cemetery accommodations, which includes customized mausoleum crypts and tombs with a view. Now, people of financial means can go to their graves knowing that they will rest in peace in a manner befitting their previously posh lifestyles.

The world's largest see-through church, the Crystal Cathedral, in Garden Grove, California, operates a graveyard with waterfalls and music that is piped in through light fixtures. Here, lavishly customized tombs with skylights begin at $150,000. Less pricey options ($2,400-$5,000) include having cremation ashes pressed into a pane in a stained-glass, Cathedral window or into a portion of an outdoor mosaic.

Cypress Lawn Memorial Park, in Colma, California, caters to the biggest of the big-time spenders. No recession worries here. They offer custom-constructed mausoleums as large as mansions. Extant members of both the Hearst and the Crocker dynasties occupy such opulent quarters, as does brew meister Paul Kalmanovitz, of Falstaff and Pabst Blue Ribbon repute. His massive mausoleum, the glitziest in the graveyard, cost a cool $5 million.

Where the mortuary wars will go from here is anyone's guess. We just hope we're around to find out. ●

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COCKBURN'S PORT

Not just after dinner, after all.

NICE JEWISH BOYZ IN THE HOOD

"I mean, the kid was practically living on the street when I met him," Los Angeles attorney Steve Finfer says of rap artist/client Everlast. "No-body wanted anything to do with him."

Saving the homeless? Not exactly. At the time, Everlast, a celebrated, white, L.A. rapper, was practically locked out of a record deal at Warner Brothers, leaving him broke and frustrated. Finfer, a 30-year-old entertainment lawyer, spearheaded a cast of players who brought the teen-ager along until he de-veloped the musical act known today as House of Pain.

Welcome to the multi-faceted, high-stakes world of "rap law." With millions in dead presidents on the line, young, bar mitzvahed, bar certified attorneys are spending hundreds of non-billing hours braving dangerous "Southtown" rap clubs to scout the next Ice Cube or Heavy D.

This is definitely not the same old story. In author Fred Dannen's investigative history of the modern music industry, "Hit Men," the relationship between the Afro-American artist and his oft Hebrew handlers is described as having been based on exploitation befitting an Alex Haley miniseries. But newcomers like Finfer, a Yeshiva-trained attorney who struck out on his own after spending a couple of years at Capitol Records, and who also represents rap artist Justin Warfield, are bent on making a difference.

In addition to the money hassles and the cut-throat competition — every entertainment law firm now has a rap lawyer or someone who fancies himself as such — Finfer and his colleagues have to baby-sit artists who double as "gangstas." In fact, Finfer still has to keep close tabs on Everlast, who previously experienced legal difficulties that were resolved favorably thanks to Finfer's efforts.

"The image is real; a lot of crews and rappers are strapping on," the lawyer adds in gun-totting parlance. "All you can do is tell them that one mistake can take it all away from them. Even if they're not guilty (of anything), they're the bros with the deep pockets, so that's who (the fortune hunters, the cops and the IRS) go after."

"I think Jews and blacks are drawn to each other because of their histories of compatible suffering and discrimination," adds self-employed, Studio City, California, attorney Gary Greenberg, 37, an alumnus of U.C. Berkeley and Brown University, whose client roster includes The Whispers, Jimmy Cliff and smart rapper Young M.C. "However, there are black lawyers who will try to use the white-black thing to compete."

"I've been successful because I know the music," counters Finfer, a transplanted New Yorker. "There's a lot of personal involvement, but that's what you have to do these days. Artists will respond if you can recognize a Led Zeppelin drum track that they've sampled."

Could this mean that in the years to come we'll see these Jewish lawyers taking to the stage with rap groups of their own? Maybe they could call themselves Rapshashana or Grand Matzo Flash. Or how about Run JAP?!

—Jonathan Gross ●

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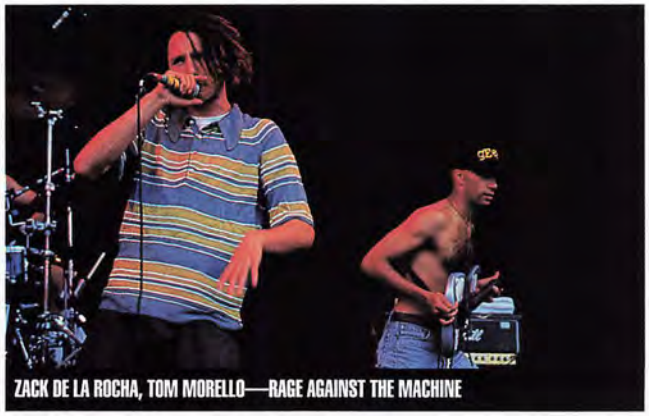
FLOPAPALOOZA

Popular would not be the first word that comes to mind when describing a festival for non-commercial music and esoteric subculture. But Lollapalooza, now in its third incarnation, has become the premiere concert event of the '90s, and one of only a handful of tours to prosper financially in this recession plagued era.

Like the name suggests, Lollapalooza was designed to offer a wide variety of stimuli, concievably an attack against apathy. A debate tent is open to anyone with an opinion. A second, albeit smaller stage gives ground to alternatives to the alternative bands. Ethnic foods, LSD flight simulators, bungee jumping,



ZACK DE LA ROCHA, TOM MORELLO—RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

information booths — political, environmental and social — are all part of the fun. A baazar for the people, about the people.

Lollapalooza '93 promised an equal opportunity lineup of bands that was so initially exciting, most of the 36 tour dates sold out. Unfortunately, many of us were expecting Lollapalooza to change the mainstream. It appears to be the other way around. The mainstream has changed Lollapalooza. Fans at the Bay Area show we attended saw a tired formula emerge.

For the token lesbian-type, folk-rock, girl thing they got Babes In Toyland. One Wham! band with chainsaws equalled the band Front 242, a weak effort to fill the industrial slot. See the performance by Alice In Chains to fill that depressed, always-kicking-some-substance feeling. Arrested Development served as the rap band. Couldn't get Pearl Jam? Get a comatose version, as in Dinosaur Jr. Teenage angst was supplied by Rage Against The Machine. Living Colour and Body Count were unavailable, but Fishbone's also black. And finally, Primus played a great set. But hey, one great show out of 36 ain't bad, and sure we'll all buy tickets next year.

Maybe. This year's debate tent was empty. Fans displayed an apathetic response to the performers and the festivities, while tired propaganda was repeated from last year. Mainstream acceptance or not, it would be nice to see the edge back in Lollapalooza '94.

—Adam White & Ryan M. Ayanian ●

LAYNE STALEY—ALICE IN CHAINS

SPEECH—ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

ANGELO MOORE—FISHBONE

—FRONT 242

LES CLAYPOOL—PRIMUS

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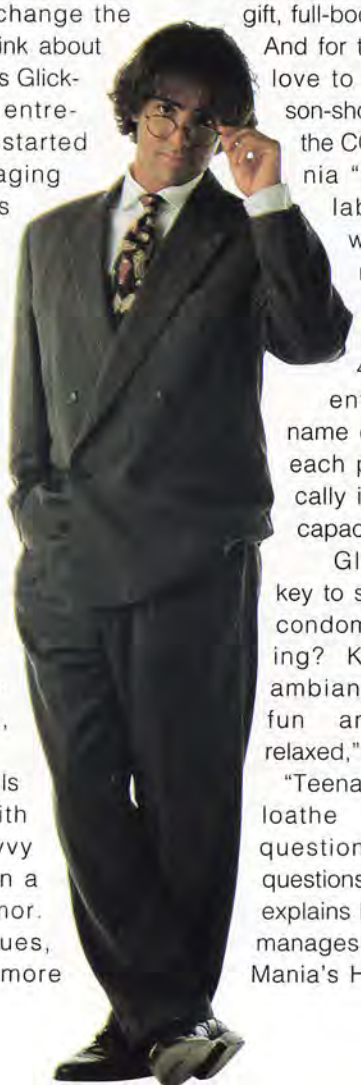
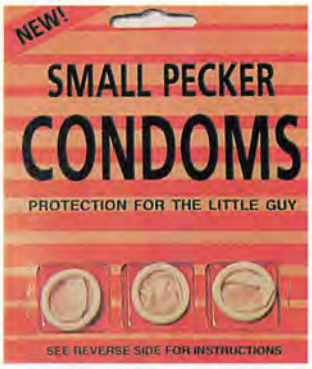
THE PROS AND CONDOMS

In June, 1991, when Adam Glickman, 26, opened the first CONDOMania boutique in New York's Greenwich Village, few believed that a store devoted solely to the sale of condoms would ever turn a profit. Yet, today there are eight CONDOMania outlets operating in five major cities, including New York, Miami, San Francisco, Las Vegas and Los Angeles, with average annual sales 10 times greater than major pharmacies.

It was a retail marketing concept whose time had come. "The whole idea has been to change the way people think about condoms," says Glickman, a born entrepreneur who started custom-packaging prophylactics while in college. "I wanted to get condoms off the bathroom walls in bars and out of the dark corners of pharmacies, where you have to wait in line with old ladies buying Metamucil. Put them under glass, bright lights."



Glickman sells condoms with panache, savvy and more than a touch of humor. His boutiques, which stock more than 300 varieties of condoms and erotic novelty items, are a browser's delight. The walls are covered with risqué posters and T-shirts baring catchy



slogans like, "Hardley-Davidson Condom Company: Only the best for your hog." The shelves are packed with every sheath imaginable — from the standard Trojan to the gag-gift, full-body rubber. And for those who love to comparison-shop, there's the CONDOMania "Condomlabra," a wall-mounted rack displaying 40 different, brand-name condoms, each pneumatically inflated to capacity.

Glickman's key to successful condom marketing? Keep the ambiance "hip, fun and very relaxed," he says.

"Teenagers who loathe asking questions ask questions in here," explains Elise, who manages CONDOMania's Hollywood Boulevard store in Los Angeles, and who is not above pulling a condom over her head to demonstrate its strength.

Right on cue, a female

browser picks up a mint-flavored Sheik and asks, "Why flavors?"

"Because latex doesn't taste that great," Elise says quite matter-of-factly. The young woman raises an eyebrow.

"That's disgusting!" snorts an elderly lady who walked in expecting a gift shop, and who promptly marches out.

According to Glickman, 60 percent of CONDOMania's customers are female. So, what sort of sexy sheath might a woman buy her horny honey? How about the Superbowl Condom, the IRS Condom or the Stealth Condom ("They'll never see you coming!")? Or, perhaps she would prefer some cutesy novelty item, such as the Real Man Condom (made of steel wool), or the Nose Condom ("For the safe practice of brown-nosing"). In today's designer condom market, there seems to be a new gimmick hitting the shelves every day.

If it's not a gimmick, it's a technological advance, such as the Magnum Condom for extra-large men, or imported, micro-thin condoms, like the Kimono, which are super-thin, super-sensitive, and super-strong.

Even if you don't live near one of the existing CONDOMania boutiques, there's no need for you to feel left out. By the end of the year, Glickman expects to begin airing a CONDOMania infomercial on select cable TV channels. The ad, reports CONDOMogul Glickman, will feature CONDOMania's mail-order phone line (1-800-9CONDOM), marking the first time in broadcasting history that prophylactics will have been offered for sale on national television.

—Dewey Gram ●

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PRIME CUT

Sex and money. That's the driving force behind the increasing number of videos being released by Hollywood under such imprints as "Director's Cut," "Uncut" and "Unedited Version." Cognoscenti recognize these phrases as movie-speak for "additional sex." As a result, they've helped boost video sales and rentals for such features as, "Wild Orchid," "Angel Heart," "Crimes of Passion," and "The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover," to name but a few.

Director's cut releases are a means by which movie producers maximize profits. In order to gain the broadest possible distribution for

a film in general release, overly explicit footage is edited out so that the feature can qualify for an R rating. The original, "unrated" version is then released on video with eroticism intact — and publicized as such — in an effort to rekindle audience interest.

No doubt about it; seeing a high-ranking movie star in the buff or having sex (however implicit), holds a certain attraction. Who can forget Kim Basinger's sado-erotic exploits in "9 1/2 Weeks," or the unbridled passion displayed by Lisa Bonet in "Angel Heart" — one of the first R-rated releases to be made available to videophiles in the director's cut format. In fact, producers of "Angel Heart" raised such a stink when, in order to gain an R rating, they were forced to edit por-

tions of the film's torrid love scene between Bonet and Mickey Rourke, the video-buying public virtually demanded the release of an uncut version.

"It's all a poker game played with the MPAA (Motion Picture Association of America)," explains one Hollywood insider. "Generate a little controversy with them, and you can cash in big when your film's released on video."

He cites, as an example, the controversy-riddled release of the 1990, Vidmark movie, "The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover," which saw a bitter and much-publicized battle develop between Vidmark execs and the MPAA Ratings Board after the MPAA refused to grant the film an initial, R rating.

The source claims that shortly after the film's release, a group of potential Vidmark investors hired a detective agency to investigate the company. The private dicks, exhibiting the same lack of scruples as a Hollywood agent, immediately searched the garbage of several Vidmark executives. What they found, among other things, was an internal memo, sent from the company's theatrical distribution department to its video arm, which cited numerous print articles and television news segments on censorship that had been generated by the ratings controversy.

"I saw the memo," our insider claims. "It made it quite clear that Vidmark had intentionally 'engineered the controversy' to benefit the video distributors."

Attempts to reach Vidmark on this matter were unsuccessful.

Whatever the truth of the matter, none can deny that our favorite stars are increasingly found, on the video screen at least, in flagrante delicto. "Basic Instinct," already in the video stores, is about to be made available as a re-edited release. Although it's hard to imagine what Sharon Stone has left to show, one thing's for sure: A lot of us will be willing to spend the money to find out. And Hollywood knows it. —Bruce David ●

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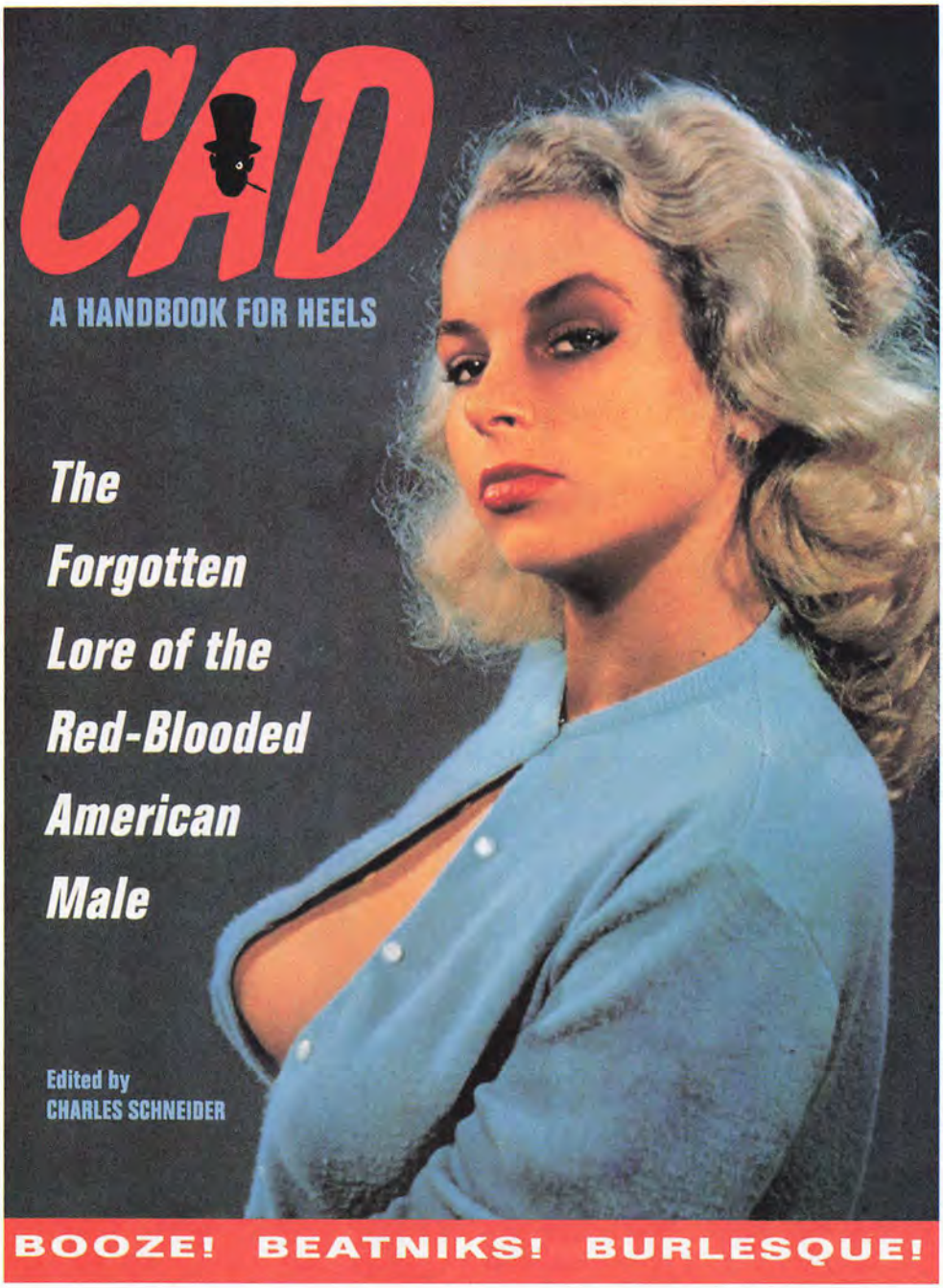


CAD — A HANDBOOK FOR HEELS

Back before Generation X, and before the Baby Boomers, there was the Beat Generation. It was the pre-JFK culture of Jack Kerouac and such other kindred spirits as the loose-lipped Lenny Bruce; the bellicose and big-mouthed Belle Barth; and, oh lordy, the late/great Lord Buckley. It was the era when parental-types liked Ike while their kids found James Dean keen.

Like every other generation, the horny Beats needed something they could actually beat off to, and neither poetry nor comedy nor mainstream movies was up to the task that was literally at hand. However, everything that was available to them is now available to us.

"CAD" (Feral House, 1992) celebrates the sexual underground of that once-upon-a-time when the truly coolest of the cool cats smoked reefer and packed their wallets with an extra rubber along with Spanish fly, when G-men were pop heroes and the B-girl was sublime. Return to those glory days of pre-Pill lust and Lolita-like lunacy that are covered in this not-to-be-missed publication, edited by Charles Schneider. Living vicariously was never so good.

THE CAD LIFESTYLE

Because history does, indeed, repeat itself — it's not altogether unreasonable to speculate and hope that the day of the cad may turn out to be one of our tommorows. We can, with modest effort, initiate preparations for such a time by familiarizing ourselves with three basic elements of cadism and, by doing so, start affecting the cad lifestyle right now.

WHAT TO EAT:

As an aspiring cad, you'll want to know how to cook so (as the book explains) "you can invite dames to your pad under legitimate pretenses." With that in mind, CAD's Culinary Companion lists recipes for Samoan Love Kabobs, La Dolce Velveeta Muffins, Pate de Spam, Braised Iguana with Vegetables and Mesquite Baked Calf's Head.

WHAT TO DRINK:

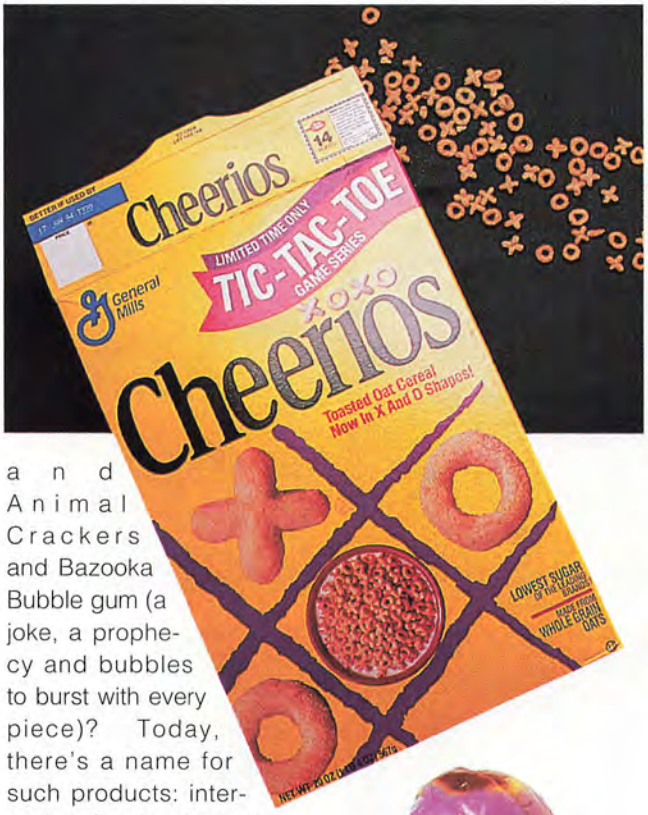
Scotch, rum and the driest of martinis are the cad's drinks of choice. Every true cad should be aware that a "cocktail is a helpful conspirator...a promise that the day of work is done."

HOW TO ACT:

The science of cadism depends upon the ability to reverse ordinary behavior. You must forget everything you've ever been taught. You must say to yourself, over and over, "I'm a cad and, hence, not bound by the normal rules of conduct." ●

CANDY, LITTLE DROID?

Remember the joys associated with Mom buying you Pez and Alphabet soup? Wagon Wheels pasta and Animal Crackers and Bazooka Bubble gum (a joke, a prophecy and bubbles to burst with every piece)? Today, there's a name for such products: interactive foods. And, if you're the kind of person who still loves to play with his food, you'll love the latest gimmicks being marketed by the food industry. They've been created, it seems, as much to entertain consumers as to nourish them.



General Mills, the breakfast cereal giant, is currently promoting interactive Cheerios, which contain X's made of oats in addition to the familiar O's. Prior to being soaked with milk, the X's and O's can be used as playing pieces for any of several board games printed on the backs of the boxes.

For those seeking to quench a thirst for amusement as well as liquid refreshment, Kool-Aid has introduced its new Great Bluedini. The green crystals poured from the product's package turn blue as soon as they hit the water.

Candy, too, is dandier than ever, as evidenced by the latest innovations introduced by Cap Toys. Their Spin Pops and Lazer Pops are half-lollipop and half toy. Spin Pops come with battery powered motors that twirl the pop while you lick it. Lazer Pops are colorful, see-through candies which fit over non-edible flashlights. Flick the flashlight on and the lollipop glows.

Finally, if you have the stomach for it, SNOT is something you might want to consider eating the next time you crave something sweet. SNOT, which stands for Super Nauseating Obnoxious Treat, is a candy that squishes out of a plastic dispenser that's shaped in the form of a human's nose. Hopefully, that old maxim, "you are what you eat," does not apply. ●

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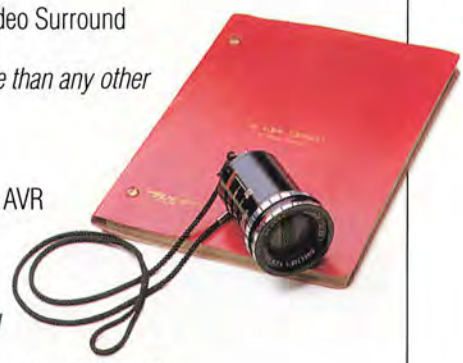

Unlike so many so-called AV products, Denon AVR Receivers deliver audiophile signal quality (wide dynamic range, high signal-to-noise, outstanding phase linearity and immeasurably low distortion) and address what the others overlook: low level steering, rear channel fidelity and precise digital delay.

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TOP OF THE TOPLESS

Back in the days, anyone seeking to feast his eyes on naked flesh while having a drink with a bunch of his buddies was left to choose between downtown peep shows and tacky titty bars. But now that such standout, stellar celebrities as Robert de Niro, Jason Priestley, Matt Dillon, Sean Penn, Jean-Claude Van Damme, Lawrence Taylor, Warren Moon, David Lee Roth, and John Cougar Mellencamp have been spotted publicly patronizing today's ultra-upscale, topless establishments, it's obvious that gentlemen's clubs have come of age.

The era of bar stool fleas, sleaze and knobby-kneed strippers was brought to a close by the entrepreneurial wonder-works of Michael J. Peter — a man who single-handedly revolutionized the sexual entertainment industry. It was Peter who pioneered the adult club concept in which fine wine, fabulous food, fantastic women and headline entertainment came together to create an environment that was sociably acceptable. In short, a place to see and be seen.

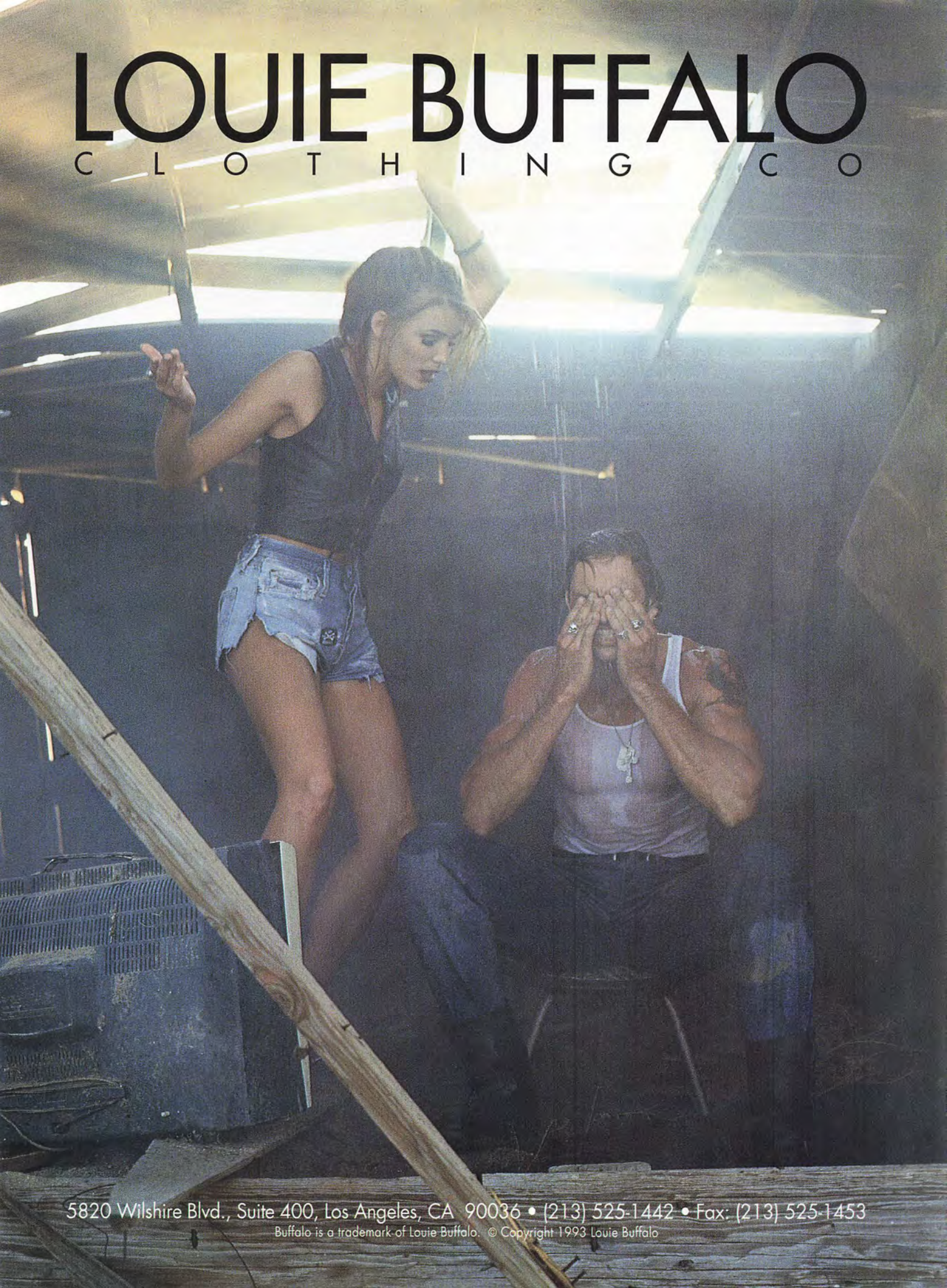
Today, places such as Cabaret Royale and Rick's Cabaret (Houston), the Million Dollar Saloon (Dallas), the Solid Gold, Pure Platinum and The Doll House chains draw huge, steady crowds of white collar customers all across America.

Peter graduated from the prestigious Cornell University Graduate School of Hotel and Restaurant Management. He began his business career just as DisneyWorld was turning Orlando, Florida into a boom town.

Here is where, in 1975, he purchased a low-rent Florida strip joint and, with a Disneyesque flair all his own, transformed it into the first sophisticated club. In fact, that Original Doll House, the club that started the current trend in adult entertainment, is the highest grossing beer establishment per square foot in Florida.

Peter went on to build an empire of clubs stretching not only from coast to coast but to Acapulco, Cancun, Mexico City, Monterey, London, Athens, Paris, Dublin and Barcelona, as well.

The business standards and practices which Michael Peter introduced have absolutely transformed the topless industry. In 1992, gentlemen's clubs nationwide generated over $3 billion in revenue — tips not included. ●



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KEEPING THE PRIVATE'S PRIVATES PRIVATE

I don't know who's being more stupid: the Pentagon for banning homosexuals from the service, or the gay community for wanting to join their ranks — or Bill Clinton for getting involved in the bitch-fight!

First of all, listen up, all you faggots (get used to it, that's what they call grunts). Your buddies are dropping dead from AIDS and the state of Colorado has practically declared hunting season on homos. Meanwhile, you're whining that you can't wear an ill-fitting, off-the-rack uniform, eat three crummy meals a day, sleep in a creaking bunk on a lumpy mattress that eight zillion other guys have slept on while you wait to get shipped overseas where swarthy foreigners with the love of Allah in their hearts and towels on their heads will try to shoot your ass off — cute as it is.

Wise up. There are no health spas with LifeCycles and StairMasters in Kuwait. They don't stock Clinique For Men at the PX, and there are no gay bars on the U.S.S. Arizona. Forget about the Village People and their song "In the Navy." The military is not about seeing the world. It's about monotonous, meaningless make-work and asshole sergeants forcing you to do bare-knuckle pushups for no good reason. It's about having no control whatsoever over your own life.

It's just like the gays demanding to be part of New York City's St. Patrick's Day Parade, one of the most disgusting displays of public drunkenness in the country. Even the police are shit-faced. And it's practically guaranteed that some bimbo wearing a "Kiss me, I'm Irish" button will barf on your shoes. Why aren't the gays saying, "Yeah, we're homos and we're Irish, but we have too much taste to be part of that scene?"

As for the President, Bill rung more changes on this issue than Quasimodo. "Oh, well, after I got the gay vote by promising I'd get rid of the military ban on homosexuals, I just couldn't stand up to those big army bullies. How about if you guys have your own platoon?"

Right, Bill. I can just hear General Bruce: "We're going to send in the fighting 69th." ("Okay, men, get out there and engage the enemy... And give them really bad haircuts!") Bill, what are you going to do if you get National Service up and running? Are you going to segregate those troops, too? Then, there's always that "don't ask/don't tell" option, where it's okay to be a homosexual in the Army as long as you don't *act* like one!

And what's with you straight guys? Do you honestly believe yourself so attractive that the sight of you soaping up your hairy ball sack will unleash the unquenchable lust of your fellow soldier? Grow up. They didn't ban homos in World War I and no one

held hands in the trenches. When you're being shot at, you don't have time to think, "I'm not going to ask this guy to cover me — he's a big homo!"

In fact, one of the virtues of the old-fashioned military is that it took men from all over America and threw them together without any thought to whether they'd get along. Remember the old war movies with the cocky New Yorker, the farm boy, the quiet Jewish kid, the black guy and the intellectual all in the same battalion? They scuffled and bickered and called each other names, but in the end they overcame their differences. They blew up the bridges at Toko-Ri and sunk the Bismarck. Add a gay to that group, and it doesn't really change the outcome because it was what they had in common that was important.

So, straights, chill out. And gays, if you really want to serve your country, try running for public office. If you get elected, who knows, maybe you'll find a way to make this a better, more tolerant country — a country where a peacetime army is recognized as the oxymoron it is. —Gretna Green. ●

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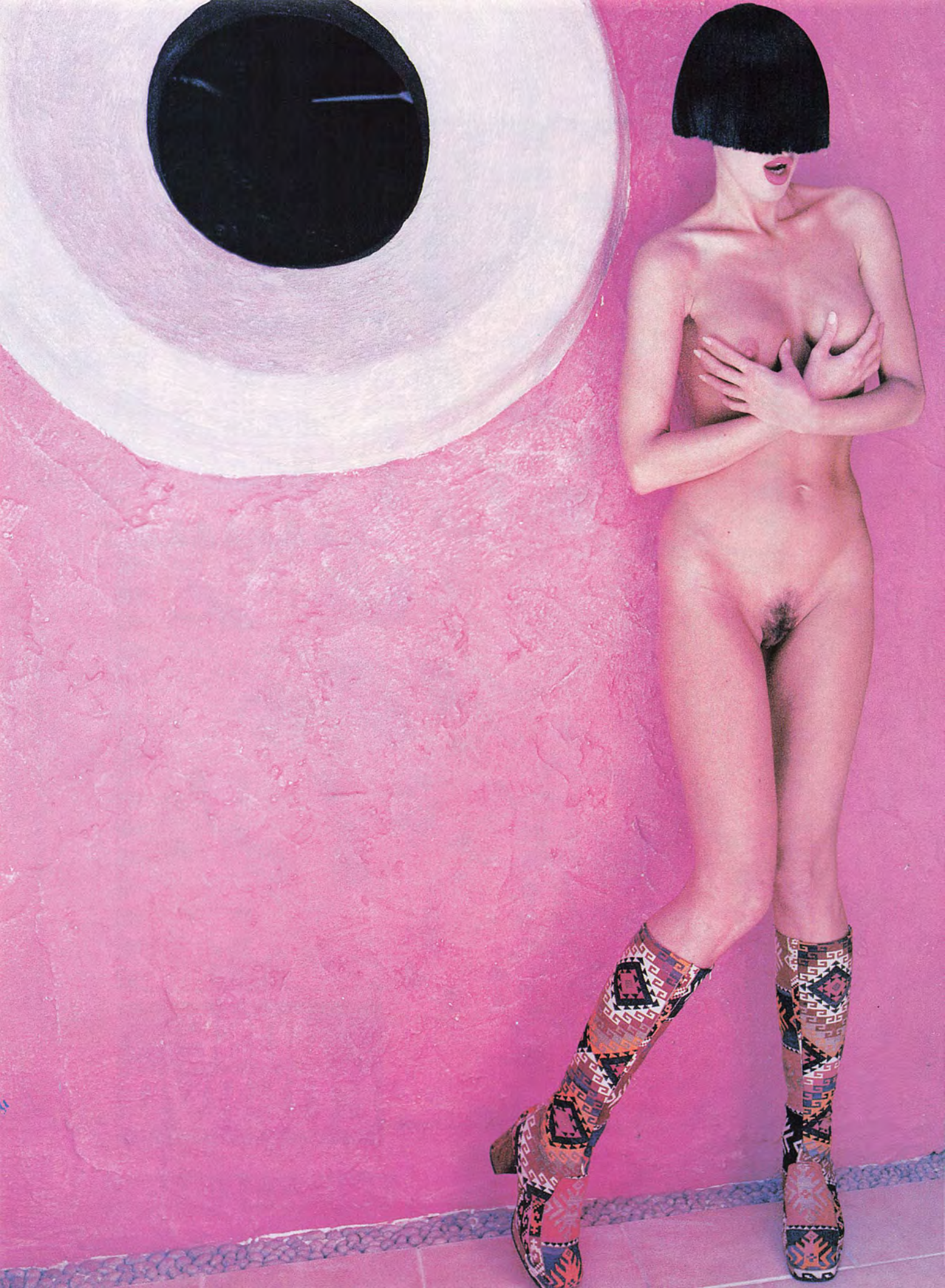

IRENA

Once, the notion of a Russian beauty queen would have met with laughter and Western sarcasm. Well, no longer. Say *privet* to Irena Maximova, Miss Russia, 1991.

Irena hails from a country with a history of creating monuments and then destroying them. The Bolsheviks tore down the monuments to the Czar. Stalin toppled the Bolsheviks. Khrushchev succeeded Stalin. Brezhnev toppled Khrushchev, and so on. Irena, though, stands as a monument to beauty, one which, by definition, can never be torn down.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN CLAUDE MAILLARD

Styling by Jane Vernon/Xenobia. Makeup and Hair by Sher Kohr/Dorie Sherman. Prints by Nardulli.

When the post-totalitarian era began, hundreds of communist statues were tumbled and destroyed, leaving their empty pedestals behind. Perhaps one should be set aside for Irena Maximova, the 22-year-old Moscow beauty.

THEY'VE BEEN CALLED EVERYTHING FROM FANATICS TO TERRORISTS. BUT THE SEA SHEPHERDS RULE THE WAVE WITH TOTAL IMMUNITY, BACKED BY INTERNATIONAL LAW.

ECO

BY LARRY WICHMAN

On December 26, 1992, a Sea Shepherd saboteur, code-named Agent 13, boarded the whaling ship Nybroena, which lay moored, unattended, in the Lofoten Islands' harbor of Stein, Norway. His covert mission: to scuttle the Norwegian vessel under the cover of darkness in response to Norway's refusal to comply with the international moratorium on commercial whaling.

The boarding had been difficult and dangerous. "She lay about four meters

out, rocking on stormy swells," Agent 13 recalls. "I had to crawl out along the mooring line, knowing that if I slipped, the 30 kilos of tools on my back would

Pirates

have sent me to the bottom of a frigid grave."

Once aboard the Nybroena, the eco-saboteur made his way to the engine room, where he disassembled the salt-water cooling system and opened the sea intake valve, flooding the compartment with salt water. He then bent the valve stem, locking it in the open position, and smashed every gauge and every vulnerable piece of machinery below deck.

Returning to the dock, Agent 13 found that the vessel was already riding a foot lower in the water. "I was elated," he says. "I cut the mooring lines. I wanted her to drift off, to make her more difficult to reach. Then, after deep-sixing my tools, I walked (two kilometers) back to the car and left."

Damage to the Nybroena exceeded $100,000.

For members of the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society (SSCS), such perilous, covert missions are all in a day's work. Since its founding in 1978, the SSCS has sunk eight pirate whaling ships and one drift-netter, destroyed a whale processing plant in Iceland, and rammed and disabled four drift-net trawlers and one tuna boat. It has taken on the governments of Canada, Ireland, Denmark, Norway and Japan to publicize and halt the slaughter of dolphin, pilot whales, timber wolves and seals, and, in 1981, SSCS members aboard the ship Sea Shepherd I were chased by the Soviet navy while documenting illegal Russian whaling operations on the beaches and off the coast of Siberia.

The SSCS, which is based in Santa Monica, California, was established by founders of Greenpeace who were kicked out of their own organization in the mid 1970s for being too radical. It is a non-profit, marine wildlife conservation policing organization, and is funded solely by contributions from its 15,000 members. It is a haven for high-seas vigilantes who take international law into their own hands when governments fail to enforce treaties and regulations protecting the environment.

"We're perceived as a radical, extremist, fanatical, terrorist organization," says Sea Shepherd director Captain Paul Watson, "but we are not the criminals, here. Everything we've ever done is backed up by international law."

To date, not a single member of the SSCS has been convicted of a crime. None have even been tried, although Sea Shepherd crews have repeatedly demanded they be put under arrest — in one case, for having scuttled half of the Icelandic whaling fleet. They know that, not only would they be found innocent in court, but that the trial could be used to showcase the country's illegal activities.

The SSCS operates under the U.N.'s World Charter for Nature, passed in October, 1982, which states in its section on implementation that any government, corporation, organization or individual is empowered to uphold the terms of international treaties protecting endangered marine life and ecosystems. Principle 21e of the Charter specifically authorizes actions to "safeguard and conserve nature in areas beyond national jurisdiction," such as the high seas.

"This means," says Watson, "that we can go after whaling vessels that are not in compliance with International Whaling Commission (IWC) regulations banning commercial whaling. We can go after drift-netters because they are in direct violation of bilateral treaties between Britain and the U.S. and Japan and Australia on the

We rammed the Sierra, disabled it, and after

protection of migratory sea birds."

The sinking of the Nybroena was the opening salvo in Sea Shepherd's campaign to shut down the pirate whaling industries of Norway and Japan — the former having withdrawn from the IWC in July, 1992, after being denied a permit to kill whales for "scientific" purposes.

"In fact," claims Watson, "they just want to have the meat to sell to Japan, which announced in January that they, too, would resume commercial whaling. Whale meat's going for something like $20 an ounce. One minke whale is worth $40,000-$50,000."

According to Captain Watson, the SSCS was forced into action when the U.S. government failed to impose trade sanctions against Norway, as called for by law.

"U.S. law specifically states that any nation which undermines the authority of the IWC will lose its right to sell its fish products in America," the eco-warrior explains. "Applying this law would effectively end whaling worldwide. Yet, although former President Bush informed Norway in December, 1992, that sanctions would be forthcoming, within months of taking office, the Clinton Administration assured Norwegian Prime Minister Gro Harlem Brundtland — who's a close friend of Al Gore's — that sanctions would not be imposed."

Nonetheless, the SSCS is making Norway pay dearly. As a result of publicity from the Nybroena affair, Norway has been prohibited from joining the European Economic Community. Corporate boycotts have been planned for the '96 Oslo Olympics, and Burger King has canceled a fish deal worth $10 million — an amount reportedly equal to Norway's annual whale industry revenues.

Norway has spent additional millions protecting its fleet from anticipated SSCS attack. "Our position," Watson explained last May, "is to intervene physically and to sink, if we are given the opportunity, any vessel engaged in illegal whaling. They know this, so they've been giving each of their 60, small whaling ships a naval escort, and on shore they are under 24-hour police guard. They've already spent three times as much on security as they can make on whaling, so we're quite content to watch them for a few more months and then go after them later in the summer. They've threatened to blow our ships out of the water if we show up. We'll see what happens."

What's likely to happen is that

SSCS spies, having infiltrated key Norwegian port towns, will alert Watson to any whaling vessels which go to sea unescorted. One of the Sea Shepherd crews can then close on the pirate whaler and ram her, thereby disabling the ship and sending her back to port for repairs.

"Ramming may sound like a violent tactic," says Captain Watson, "but the physics of it is that you have 700 tons of metal hitting 700 tons of metal, and the volume of the metal absorbs the impact of the blow. I've never knocked anyone off their feet on either ship when ramming at full speed. Even if the ships met head-on, it would have little effect because by the time the shock of the impact has traveled 20 or 30 feet through the framework of the vessel, it sort of stops. It's like impacting in a big, old steel car from the 1950s."

Watson admits that previously, he's only rammed one whaler. "That was the Sierra in July, 1979," he recalls. "We rammed it, disabled it, and after they made over $1 million in repairs, we sunk it in Lisbon harbor the day before it was to resume whaling."

Actually, most whaling vessels are so small that ramming would endanger the lives of their crew. Therefore, Watson prefers to take such actions only against larger, East Asian trawlers that engage in illegal drift-netting. Drift nets, which are made of mono-filament, and which extend 26 feet deep and average 30 miles in length, are notoriously destructive to marine life, capturing everything in their path. According to Watson, despite the international ban on drift-netting, each day 1,700 ships worldwide set 40,000 miles of drift net, and each year they kill 100,000 turtles, 250,000 sea mammals and over two million migratory sea birds.

"Drift-netting is to the oceans what clear-cutting is to the rain forests," the captain says. "It is the wholesale rape and pillage of the seas."

Since 1982, the SSCS has engaged in numerous high-seas campaigns against drift-netting. Most have been waged against the Taiwanese and Japanese Pacific fleets, the latter of which Watson confronted during a dramatic, March, 1991 encounter 1,400 miles north of Hawaii.

"It was late afternoon when we spotted the three Japanese ships on the horizon," recalls journalist Robert Hunter, who was onboard the Sea Shepherd II as a BBC correspondent. "When we reached them, they were laying out their nets."

Captain Watson spent the evening circling the trawlers, often closing to within a few meters in order to intimidate their crews. Meanwhile, he kept his video cameras running, documenting the illegal fishing activities as evidence to justify the following day's engagement.

"A video camera is to us what a cannon is to a warship," Watson told the BBC. "Instead of going into battle with a row of cannon, we enter

they made $1 million in repairs we sank it in Lisbon harbor.

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Outraged Japanese crewmen peppered the decks with razor-sharp butcher knives.

the engagement with a bank of cameras."

Although the crew of the Sea Shepherd II was itching for a confrontation, Watson felt it had grown too dark to safely engage the fishing fleet. Instead, he continued with tactics of harassment throughout the night, while the crew made ready for the impending battle.

"We knew one of the tactics might be to ram them," recalls crew member Lisa Distefano, "so we did everything to prepare for it — making sure life vests were out and safety equipment was ready."

"Nobody slept," adds SSCS cameraman Jamie Tumelty. "Any possibility was arranged for. Cameras were brought out. Zodiacs were brought out. The ship was in general made ready for confrontation."

By 8:45 a.m., all systems were go, and Watson began closing on the first trawler. "This is the marine conservation ship Sea Shepherd II," he called out over the radio. "You are engaged in illegal fishing and if you do not stop, we will ram you." Then, he instructed the first mate to alert the engine room to stand by.

"It was a little eerie down there," Distefano says. "Our main worry was that we would get a puncture in the hold and the engine room would fill with water."

But Watson ordered full speed ahead and closed in on his prey.

"The captain came up at them from behind and from the side, and aimed straight at the power block unit that pulls the drift nets in," Hunter explains. "The crew on the trawler seemed almost oblivious to us until they finally looked up and realized we were coming in on them."

With a crunch of metal against metal, the Sea Shepherd II, horns blaring, rammed the trawler just aft of her bow, sheering off the power block. Suddenly, razor-sharp butchering knives, hurled by outraged, Japanese crewmen, began peppering the decks of the Sea Shepherd II.

"I'm panning, following the boat," Tumelty would tell NBC-TV's "I-Witness Video," "when all the sudden a knife went right over my shoulder. A second knife almost hit Bob Hunter in the feet."

As the ship moved away from the encounter, the Japanese captain radioed the Sea Shepherd II and asked why Watson had rammed them. "Because you're taking too many dolphins and birds and taking too many fish," Watson informed him. "And because you insulted us by calling us Greenpeace!"

Having suffered no more than a hole the size of a cannon ball just aft of the anchor, the Sea Shepherd II set out after the second trawler.

"My only concern," recalls Hunter,

Nemo's Revenge

The key to any successful, high-seas policing campaign, says Captain Paul Watson, is intimidation. So for effect, each Sea Shepherd vessel is painted black and flies a pirate flag, while deck-mounted Civil War cannon belch smoke and flame to frighten crews on smaller vessels. To deter unwanted boardings, the ships are outfitted with water cannon that fire a 45-gallon shot of pie filling, and soon, Watson hopes to add the intimidating element of surprise.

"We've been offered a 300-foot, British, Oberon-class submarine for $300,000." the captain boasts with a devilish grin. "It has a range of 9,000 miles running at 12 knots. It cruises at 17 knots beneath the surface. Diving depth is 950 feet."

Sea Shepherd was offered the ship last April when Watson was a guest on the BBC program, "Ocean Raider."

"At the end I jokingly said that what we really needed was a submarine," Watson explains. "I got a call from a guy who said, 'We've got two that have just been decommissioned.'"

What would Watson do with a sub? "I've been thinking about painting it yellow and calling it the Nautilus," he says with a wink.

Sea Shepherd is hoping for a Winter, 1993 delivery date.

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The whalers aren't afraid of the government. They're afraid of us.

"was that, being an old boat, I wasn't sure how many batterings the Sea Shepherd would take before it began to fall apart. And I just knew this was a bad place — 1,400 miles north of Hawaii and 1,000 miles out from North America, surrounded by Japanese ships after you've just rammed a couple of them — for our boat to go down."

Watson was more concerned with the integrity of his foe than with the integrity of his vessel. "This time bow tower above them and then come crashing down."

The impact, which sent a shudder through the vessel, destroyed the trawler's power block and severed a drift net that was being let out. Yet, as Watson broke away to chase down the third trawler, the Sea Shepherd II suddenly went dead in the water.

"All the lights went out," Distefano recalls. "The generator went, and the steering went. It only took a couple of minutes to get everything back on

In their panic to escape, the trawler had left behind a drift net, which the eco-vigilantes sunk before returning to port in Hawaii. The operation, which sent two trawlers back to Japan for repairs and destroyed drift nets and equipment worth $2 million, had been a complete success.

Although video from the campaign was shown on Japanese television, the Japanese government denied that the incident had ever taken place. Officially, Japan denies that

everybody be really, really careful," he warned his crew as the ship approached their second target. "We have no idea how they're going to react. They've seen the damage we've caused the other vessel, so they might be even angrier. If they've got guns, they're going to shoot at the wheel house, okay?"

According to Tumelty, the second ramming was even more dramatic than the first. "The closer we got, the higher the Sea Shepherd would rise as we rode in their wake," he says. "Our bow was at least 15 feet above theirs. To the Japanese, it must have been terrifying to see this big, black

line, but it made the difference between catching and not catching the third ship."

"They were moving out," says Watson. "They didn't want to have anything to do with us."

any of its vessels engage in drift-netting, while the governments of the U.S. and Canada turn a blind eye to their outlawed activities.

"Sometimes I don't mind being considered a pirate," says Watson. "It means they're all afraid of us. They're not afraid of the government. They're not afraid of the United Nations. They're afraid of us. We may not be well known among the public. We may not be a household word. But among the sealers, the whalers and the illegal fishermen, we're more well known than any other organization, Greenpeace included." ●

AIDS WALK LOS ANGELES

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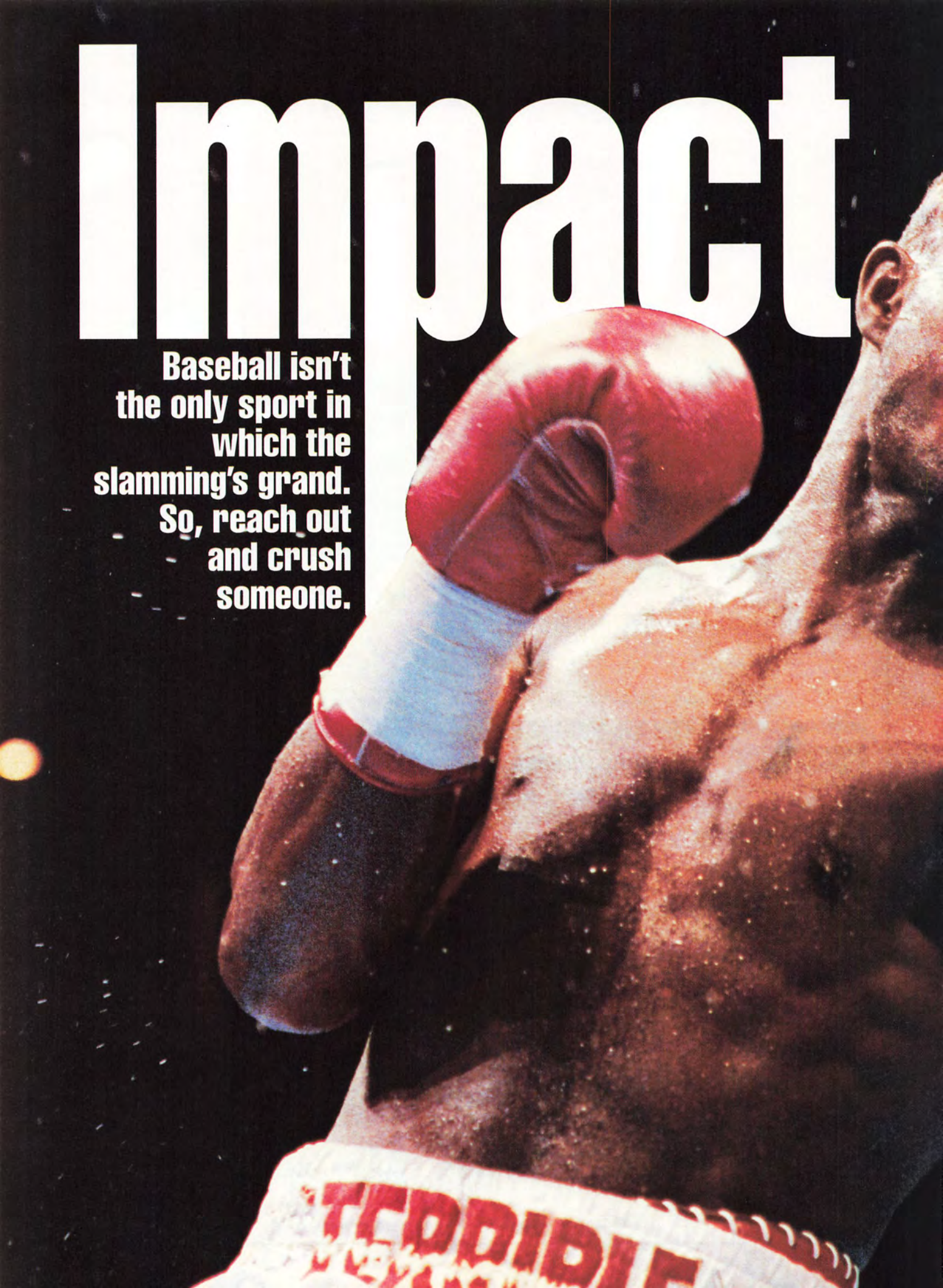
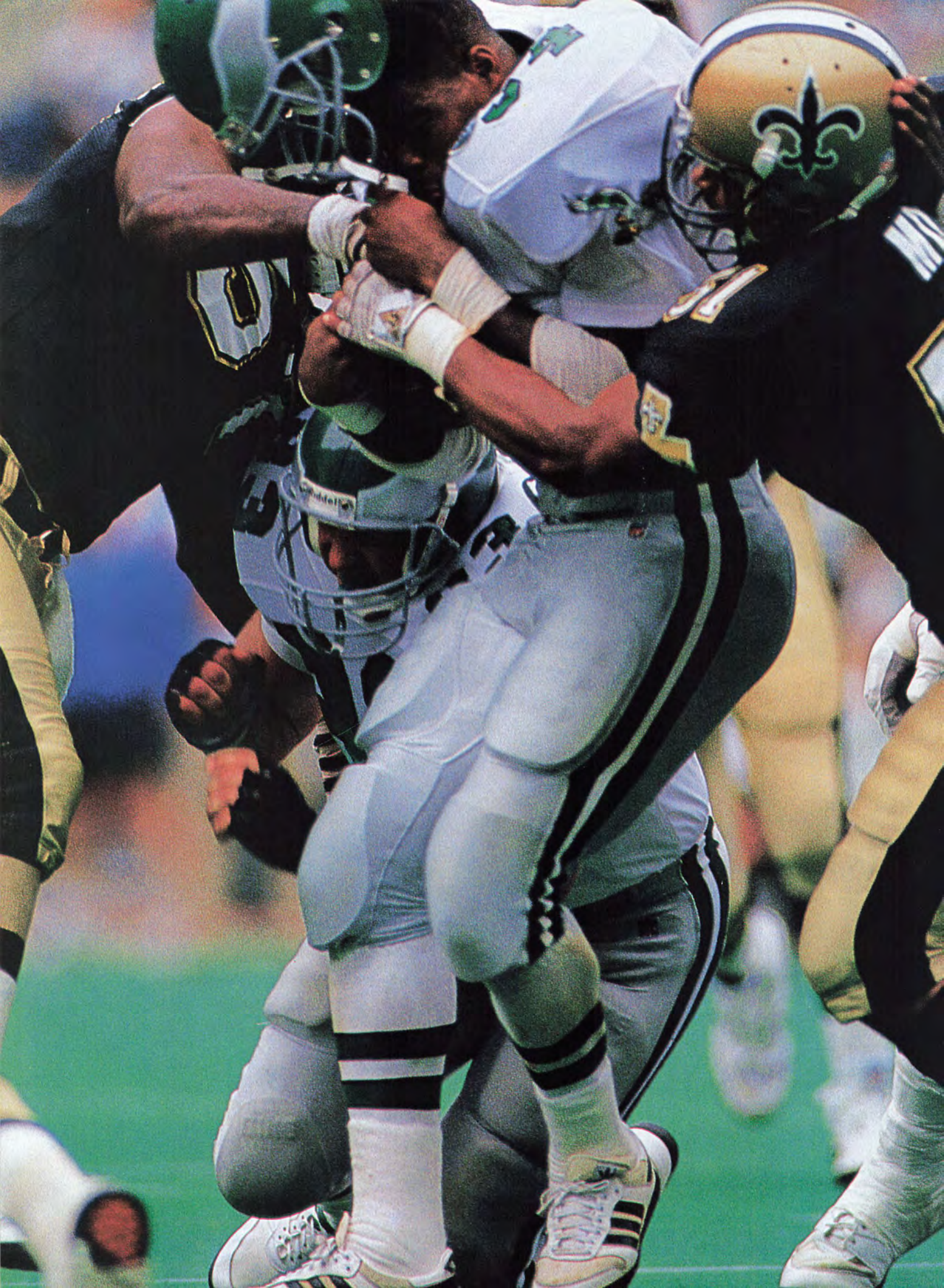
Impact

Baseball isn't the only sport in which the slamming's grand. So, reach out and crush someone.

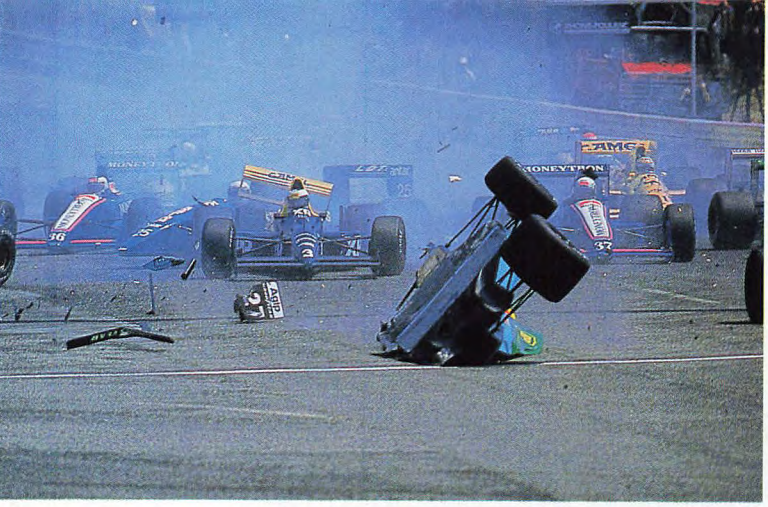


To knock a thing down, especially if it is cocked at an arrogant angle, is a deep delight to the blood. —George Santayana



There is something in the swoop and shock of a hard tackle which stirs a memory and satisfies an ancient desire.
—Major Frank Cavanagh

Courage is almost a contradiction in terms: it means a strong desire to live taking the form of readiness to die.
—Gilbert H. Chesterton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A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.
—John Burroughs

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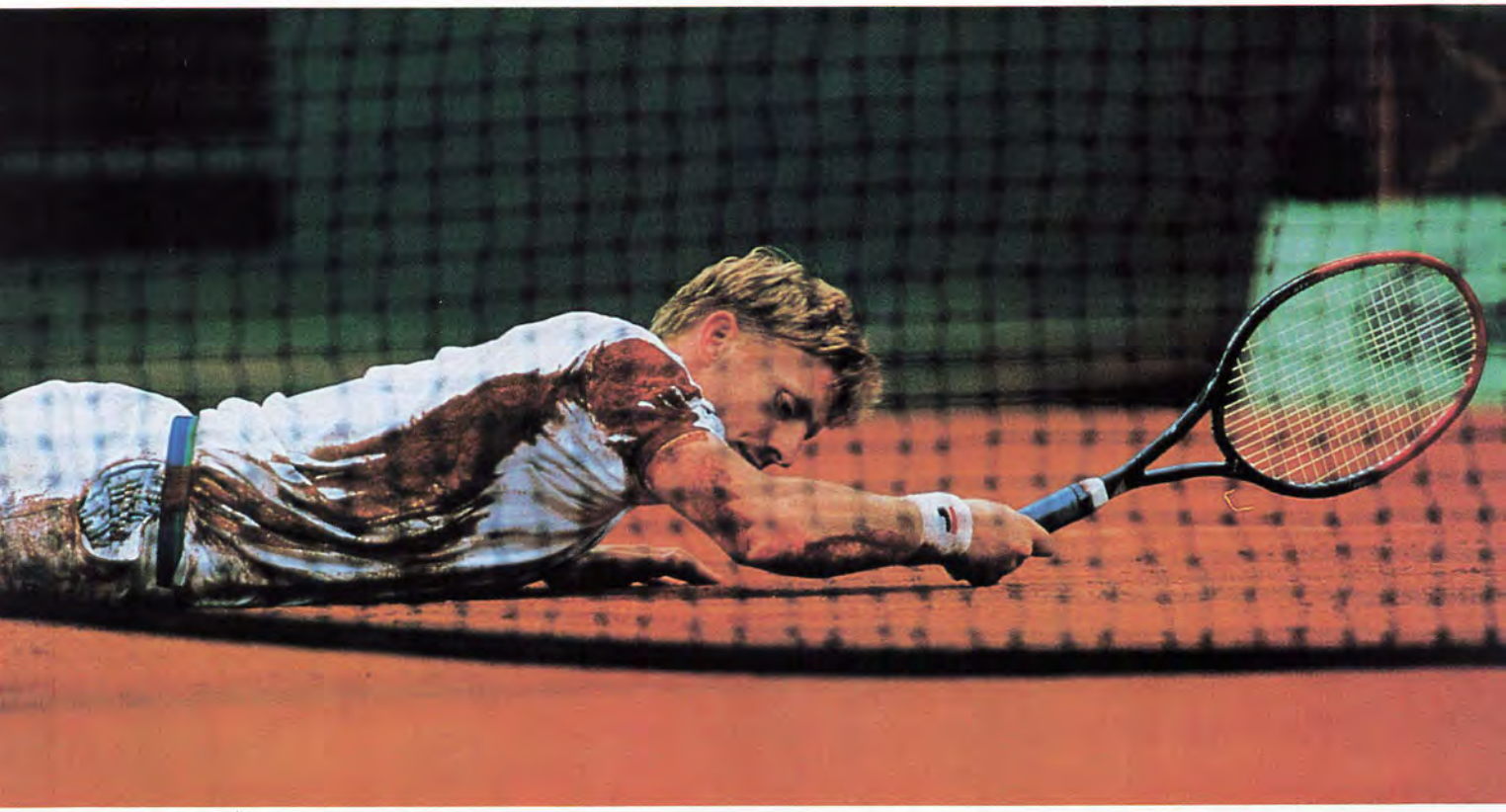
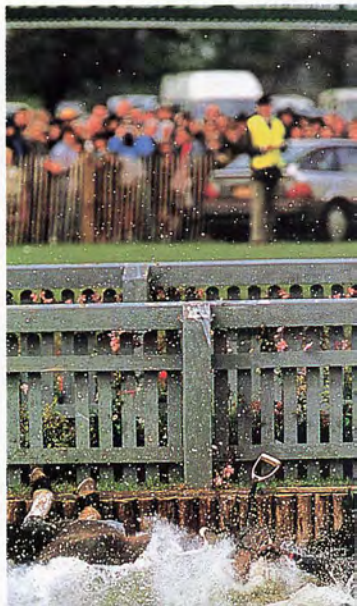




It is not good to see people who have been pretending strength all their lives lose it even for a minute.
—Lillian Hellman

FALL GIRLS

The wait is over. Sometime this month, on prime time, network TV (one hour after the family hour), a couple will play a love scene and hop into bed. The show is "NYPD Blue," on ABC, produced by Steven Bochco ("L.A. Law," "Hill Street Blues," and that singing cop show that ran one season). Pay attention. The woman will be topless.

Now this may or may not be your first encounter with TV titties. In fact, by now you've probably acquired some eclectic fetishes: naked mammography-examination news clips, nursing mothers, raw footage of African corn-stomping rituals. But this is different. No long, distracting shots of the rain forest, no X-ray machines distracting the mood. Just The Stuff, which in this case belongs to newcomer Amy Brenneman.

With TV censors and evangelists waiting in the wings, the wheels of Hollywood publicity keep spinning. One rumor has it that Amy and The Stuff are contractually a pair, so to speak —

that the deal Bochco Productions inked with the rising starlet was specific on the topless issue. But sources close to Bochco deny it, which leaves the rest of us to wonder: Do you suppose they just left it up to her? You think she was memorizing her lines one night and realized, "Hey, this is the shit. I must be topless on prime time."

Really, this is just window dressing, at least it is for those of us who've had a life in the last 20 years. Television, if you have any imagination, has always had its horny moments. Take, "Gilligan's Island," for example. The possibilities were fantastic: Gilligan and Ginger. Gilligan and Maryanne. Maryanne and Ginger. Everybody together (this being an island with few possibilities for fun). Still, it's nice to see the networks trying to catch up to the rest of us. And even if Amy's TV tit leaves much to be desired, even if it's possible to sneeze and miss it, we'll be watching.

But hey, we've got our standards. If the show sucks, we won't stay with it, past maybe the fourth or fifth season.

AS WE ALL AWAIT THE PREMIERE OF THE FIRST NAKED, PRIME TIME BREAST, LET'S LOOK BACK AT A CHRONOLOGY OF...

TV'S SEXUAL FIRSTS

6/8/48 First Transvestite: Uncle Miltie

4/29/53 First Not to Inhale: Eddie Fisher in "Coke Time With Eddie Fisher," a 15-minute, variety special

10/7/54 First Use of a Word That Nobody Knew What It Meant: "Climax," the name given to a one-hour, mystery/suspense drama

10/11/56 Second Use of a Word That Nobody Knew What It Meant: "Leave It To Beaver"

11/5/56 First With The Stuff: "Adventures in Dairyland" starring the breasts of Annette Funnicello

9/12/59 First Misogynist: Ben Cartwright on "Bonanza." Ever notice that all three of his wives died in childbirth?

10/3/60 First TV Dominatrix: Aunt Bea

9/26/62 First Lipstick Tomboy: Ellie May Clampett in "The Beverly Hillbillies"

9/26/62 First Transsexual: Miss Jane Hathaway, also from "The Beverly Hillbillies"

9/24/64 First Group Sex: On that island, with Gilligan

9/17/64 First Orgasmic Nose: Samantha's on "Bewitched"

3/16/66 First Interracial Cat Fight: Julie Newmar and Eartha Kitt over the Cat Woman role

8/1/71 First S&M (where they do it to each other): "The Sonny & Cher Comedy Hour"

First S&M (where they do it to us): Sonny alone

2/15/72 First Bush: "Call Her Mom" starring the hairdo of Connie Stevens

TV HAS GIVEN US SOME PRETTY SPECTACULAR WOMEN, SOMETHING TO SUIT EVERYBODY'S TASTE IN...

TUBE BOOBS

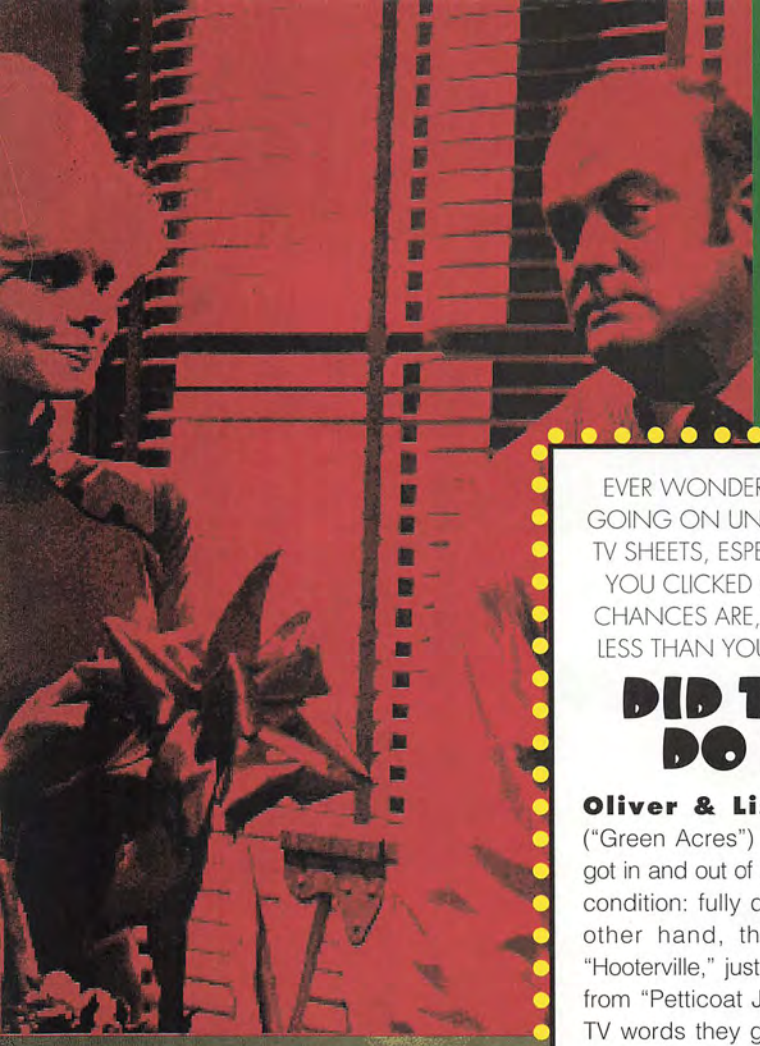
Hot Mamas
Mary Tyler Moore ("The Dick Van Dyke Show")
Elizabeth Montgomery (as Samantha in "Bewitched")
Connie Stevens ("Call Her Mom")
Barbara Billingsley ("Leave It To Beaver")
Annette ("Frankie & Annette: Second Time Around")

Ice Princesses
Victoria Principal ("Dallas")
Linda Evans ("The Big Valley")
Linda Evans ("Dynasty")
Courtney Thorne-Smith ("Melrose Place")

Babes Next Door
Annette Funicello ("The Mickey Mouse Club")
Suzanne Sommers ("Three's Company")
Bobbi Gentry ("Bobbi Gentry's Happiness Hour")
Eddie Fisher ("Coke Time With Eddie Fisher")
Marlo Thomas ("That Girl")
Tori Spelling ("Beverly Hills 90210")

Sly Foxes
Diana Rigg ("The Avengers")
Pee Wee Herman ("Pee Wee's Playhouse")
Elizabeth Montgomery (as Sebrina in "Bewitched")
Donna Mills ("Knots Landing")
Leslie Ann Warren ("Cat Ballou")
Elvira
Julie Newmar ("My Living Doll")

Pop Tarts
Annette ("Adventures in Dairyland")
Pamela Britton ("Blondie")
Barbara Eden ("I Dream of Jeannie")
Sally Field ("The Flying Nun")
Goldie Hawn ("Laugh In")
Charlie's Angels
Loni Anderson ("WKRP in Cincinnati")
Heather Locklear ("Melrose Place")



EVER WONDER WHAT WAS GOING ON UNDER ALL THOSE TV SHEETS, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CLICKED OFF THE SET? CHANCES ARE, IT WAS A LOT LESS THAN YOU THOUGHT...

DID THEY DO IT?

Oliver & Lisa Douglas ("Green Acres") Notice that she got in and out of bed in the same condition: fully dressed. On the other hand, they did live in "Hooterville," just a stone's throw from "Petticoat Junction." (More TV words they got away with in those days.) She never could get him to move back to Manhattan... Odds are 7-3 they didn't do it.

June & Ward Cleaver ("Beaver") All great beaver jokes aside, we never even saw a long shot of their bedroom. Wally and Lumpy had more sexual chemistry together. On the other hand: June's Cleavage. Also, the older you get, the hotter her reruns look. But we still think it's 10-2 they didn't do it.

Buddy & Sally ("The Dick Van Dyke Show") This is a tough one since Buddy, like Norm on "Cheers," had a wife who didn't exist. On the other hand: Her

name was Pickles. It's 5-4 they did it. As far as Sally goes, not fair. She was playing a 28-year-old virgin.

Barney & Thelma Lou ("Andy Griffith Show") He was a mo, but Thelma Lou never knew. This was Mayberry in the closet. It's 5-9 they didn't, 2-3 on Barney and Floyd.

Jack & Chrissy ("Three's Company") He played a hetero-playing-a-homo; she played the bimbo. What a pair! On the other hand: Their appearance in a sitcom with Barney Fife makes it 3-1 someone did.

The Flying Nun & Mother Superior Would you have sex with either one of these women?

Jeannie & Master ("I Dream of Jeannie") After centuries of being all bottled up...what do you think? It's even odds they did it.

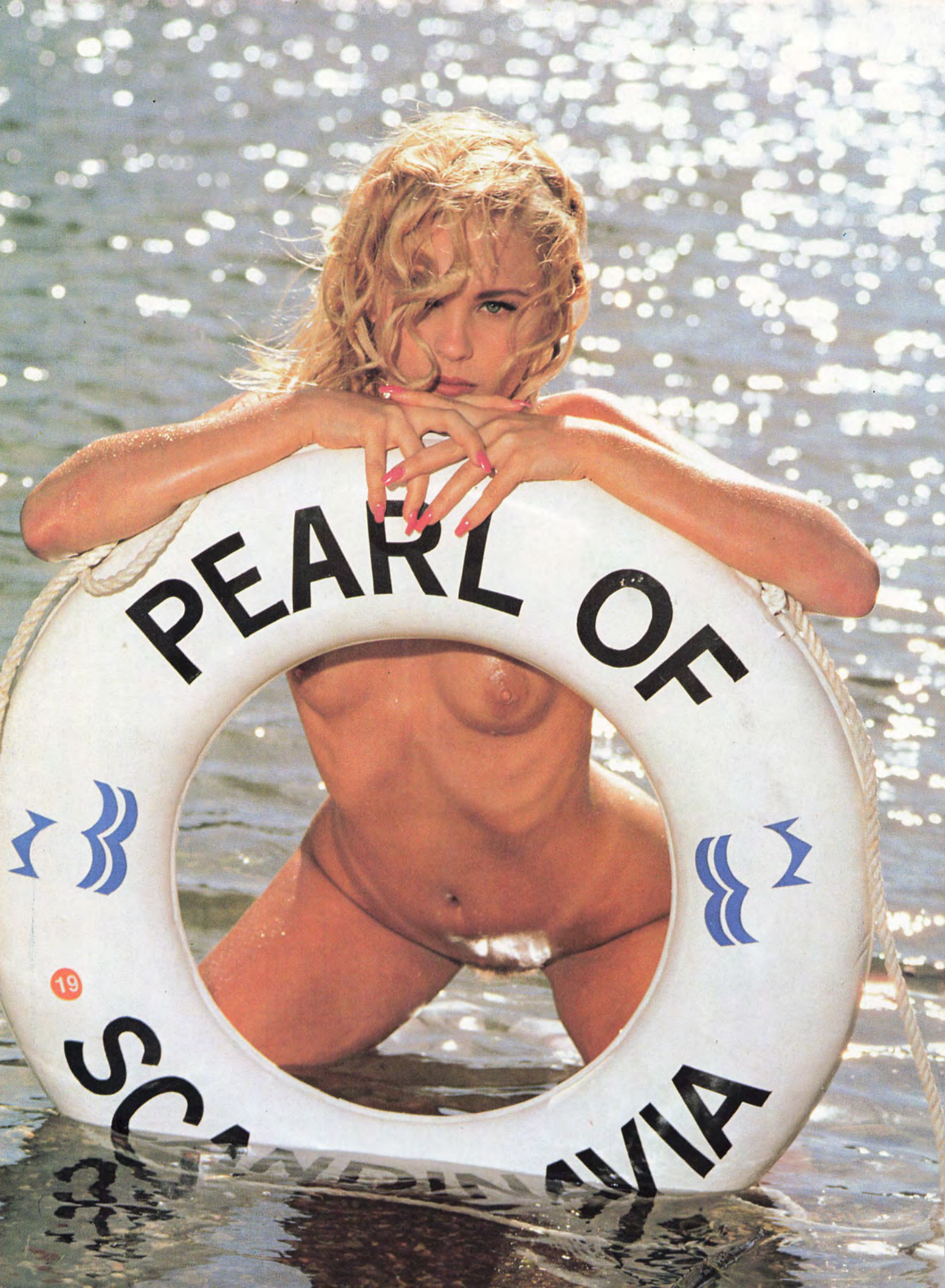
Trixie & Ed Norton ("The Honeymooners") She called him Norton. He wore a long nightshirt and funny cap to bed. He sleep-walked. She sighed and panted whenever she was around Alice. It's 7-3 they did it. And he drank a bottle of milk afterwards and called her "Mommy."

Fred & Ethel Mertz ("I Love Lucy") One time. On the honeymoon. Never again.

Marshal Dillon & Miss Kitty ("Gunsmoke") Always. ●

TRACIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER


PEARL OF
SCANDINAVIA

Platinum Portfolio October 1993/Tracie Ivins

AMERICAN ORIGINALS

HOW I BECAME A SHADOW

FICTION BY JAMES PURDY

HOW I BECAME A SHADOW, HOW I LIVE IN THE DEFILE OF MOUNTAINS, AND HOW I LOST MY COCK.

BY PABLO RANGEL.

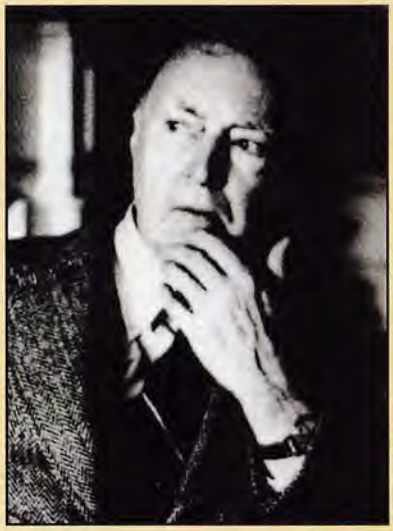
GONZAGO IS TO BLAME. HE SAID, "THAT ROOSTER IS TOO GOOD FOR A PET. HE BELONGS IN THE COCKFIGHT. YOU GIVE HIM TO ME, YOU OWE ME FAVORS. I AM YOUR COUSIN. GIVE HIM UP."

"NEVER, GONZAGO," I REPLIED. "NUNCA. I RAISED THE LITTLE FELLOW FROM ALMOST AN EGG. I NEVER RENDER HIM TO YOU, PRIMO."

"SHUT YOUR MOUTH THAT FLIES ARE ALWAYS CRAWLING IN. SHUT UP, YOU WHELP, WHEN I COMMAND. THAT COCK IS TOO GOOD FOR A PET. HEAR ME. YOU WILL GIVE HIM UP, AND WE WILL BOTH MAKE MONEY. YOU BELLYACHE, YOU SAY YOU ARE ALWAYS BROKE, AND THEN WHEN THE CHANCE COMES TO MAKE SOMETHING YOU

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

HOW I BECAME A SHADOW



James Purdy was born and raised in the Midwest and now lives in New York City. His first book of fiction, "63: Dream Palace," was published in England in 1957. Since then, Purdy has written numerous novels, plays, poetry, and short stories, including, "Malcolm," "The Nephew," "In a Shallow Grave," "On Glory's Course," and, most recently, "Garments the Living Wear."

tell your cousin to go hang his ass up to dry. No, Pablo, listen good. The cock is as good as mine because of all the favors I done you, remember. Hear me. I am going to come take him and will fetch you another cock to take his place. Then I will enter your cock at the fight and we will get rich."

"I will not render him," I told Gonzago. "I will keep my pet by me forever. You are not man enough anyhow to take him from me. If Jesus Himself come down from the clouds and said, 'Pablo, I require you to render me your cock as an offering,' I would reply, 'Jesus, go back again and hang on the cross, I will not render my pet, die, Jesus, this time forever.'"

"Ha, Jesus, always Him," Gonzago snorted. "As if He cared about your cock or whether he fights or don't fight. You fool, even your shit isn't brown. You were born to lose. But I will teach you yet. You will not order your cousin about just because you have no wits and need others to watch out for you . . . Hear me . . . Tonight I will come for the cock. Hear? Tonight, for tomorrow is the cockfight, and we will win, Pablo. I have been teaching your Placido to fight while you were waiting table at the big American hotel. Caray, you did not even notice? See, Placido is ready."

"Ah, so that is why he is so thin and don't eat, evil Gonzago. . . . Never, never say you will take him, though. Look into my eyes, cousin, what do you see there, look good."

I see nothing in your eyes but stubborn pigheaded pride. Starve to death, why don't you, see if I care. Go with your ass to the wind forever, or die and be dead forever like Jesus . . . . But I will take your cock when I want to on account of you owe me your life, you owe me money for your keep since a boy, you owe owe owe!"

"Nothing, Gonzago. I owe you nothing, and won't never give up what I don't owe for. Kill me if you want to. . . . Here is my machete my grandfather passed on to me. Take it and cut me in two, see if I care!"

That night, Gonzago returned with a big burlap sack with an iron piece that shut over the mouth. He took Placido from his little warm box. My pet gave out piteous little cries as he was grasped. I rushed over to him, but Gonzago had put him already in the sack, and run like the wind and got in his truck and drove off to the cock ring.

I followed on foot. I did not know what I did. I smoked something, smoked it many times. I lost track of time smoking it. Then there I was at the fight sitting in the front row of seats, watching through blue clouds of smoke, not knowing yet one rooster from another.

I smoked something, smoked it many times. Then there I was at the fight ... watching through blue clouds of smoke, not knowing yet one rooster from another.

Then I saw the light of my life come forward, the pet I all alone had raised and whose name I called: "Placido! Placido! Amor mío!" I yelled and shouted until the police came and took me outside and clubbed me for kicking them. I fell down on the curb and talked to its cold stones.

After the air revived me, I stole back into the arena. Gonzago stood in the center of a knot of men. "You can have your pet back now." He spoke to me inhaling on a cigar with an end like

a volcano. "Over there, primo" — he pointed — "behind the piled-up folding chairs and the flag."

I went there and looked down on the ground where he had pointed.

At first I see nothing, just earth and a few cigar wrappers. Then I made out his form at last. He was all wings spread on the black soil, but with no eyes. Placido had no eyes! But I knew him still by his gold and red feathers, and his pretty head. But no eyes!

I waited until I got possession of myself, and my heart had quit thundering in my ears. Then I came back to Gonzago. I smiled. Gonzago relaxed. "I invite you to a drink, Pablo."

"Fine," I agreed.

We went to the saloon. Gonzago ordered the best tequila. He paid, he ordered again, the money showered from his hands covered with rings.

When he was feeling his liquor, I pretended friendship and patted him. "Gonzago," I said, "you are a very clever man, and have my good at heart."

"Gracias, primo," he said, and he relaxed some more.

"Because of that," I went on, "I want to share again with you. I have another cock you do not know about. A great scrapper and bigger than Placido."

"Is that so?" Gonzago wondered.

"Yes, primo, come closer, please, and I will show him to you. This one is a winner. Here, here, look, Gonzago," and I uncovered the little machete I had hidden under my coat.

I cut swiftly like a parcel of winds across Gonzago's unprotected brow. I reddened his eyes with one blow of my machete after another. I cut his eyes to holes like those that were left in Placido's head.

"Placido, amor, rest happy, Placido, be avenged. Die, Gonzago, with blind ojos, die, blind eyes!"

Then I ran to the mountains where I move like hawks or a mountain cat, or vesper winds. But I keep Placido's feathers against my heart. I live in the defile of mountains. I am called Shadow. ●

"How I Became A Shadow" Copyright© 1991 by James Purdy. Reprinted from The Candles Of Your Eyes with the permission of City Lights Books.

If you'd like to hear more about our colorful founder, drop us a line.

THIS OLD SAFE didn't fall on Jack Daniel, but it may as well have.

One morning in 1905, the safe wouldn't cooperate with its owner (he thought he knew the combination well). Mr. Jack lost his temper and kicked it hard enough to break his big toe. Infection took a lot of people in those days, and a few years later, it took Jack Newton Daniel. Faithful to his ways, we've never altered the whiskey that bears his name. Nor, we'll admit, ever found reason to mess with that old safe.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

THE WOMEN OF JOHN RUTTER

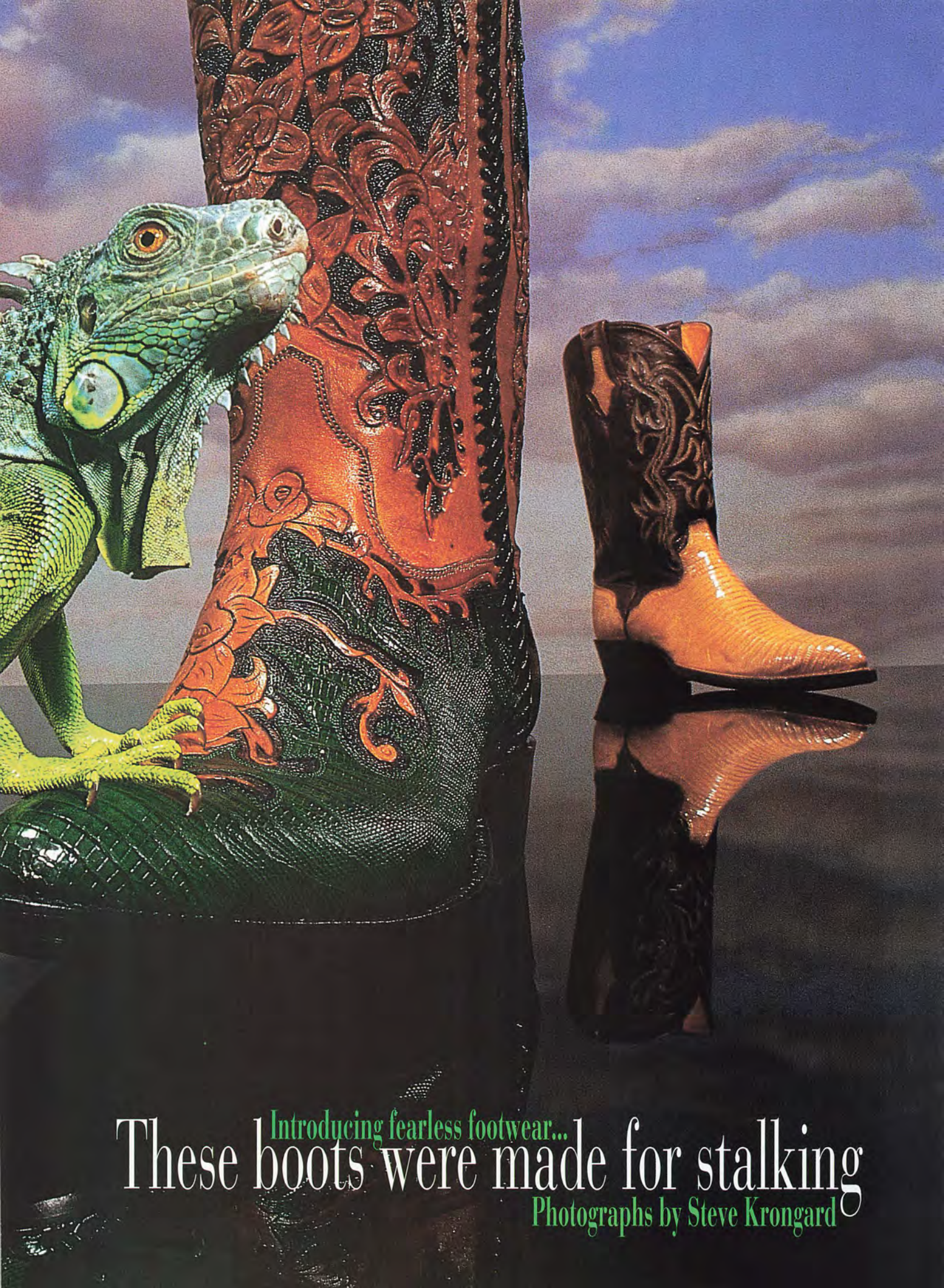
JOHN RUTTER IS A MAN ON A JOURNEY, TRAVELLING THROUGH THE ENERGY OF HIS IMAGES, STRETCHING THE LIMITS OF HIS IMAGINATION.

WOMEN TRUST HIM, GIVING THEMSELVES OVER TO THE HEAT OF HIS LENS. MUSCLES STRETCH. THE POSES ARE TOUGH. HE IS SCREAMING AT HER AND SHE SCREAMS BACK. HE SHOOTS AND WANTS MORE. SHE ROARS LIKE AN ANIMAL. HE SHOOTS AGAIN AND AGAIN. SHE THRIVES ON HIS ENERGY. THEY ARE OBLIVIOUS TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE THEM. IT HAS LITTLE MEANING AS THEY CREATE. A MAN COULD DIE ON THE PAVEMENT, STILL RUTTER WOULD CARRY ON.

RUTTER'S LIFE IS A HECTIC ONE: MILAN ON MONDAY, SATURDAY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, BACK HOME TO LOS ANGELES THE FOLLOWING WEEK. BUT, OF COURSE, THE REWARDS ARE NUMEROUS, AND THE WOMEN, SO BEAUTIFUL.

TO JOHN RUTTER, "THE BREAD OF LIFE IS WORK," AND THE WORK IS ALWAYS INTENSE, UNCOMPROMISING AND COMPELLING.

At left: Blue lizard boot by Ammons Boot Co., Inc. from $250-$450. Center: Green lizard boot with hand-carved leather upper by Ammons Boot Co., Inc. $900. At right: Carmel lizard boot with leather upper by El Dorado $350. El Dorado handcrafted boots are available at fine stores everywhere, including Howard and Phil's and Thieves Market.



Introducing fearless footwear...

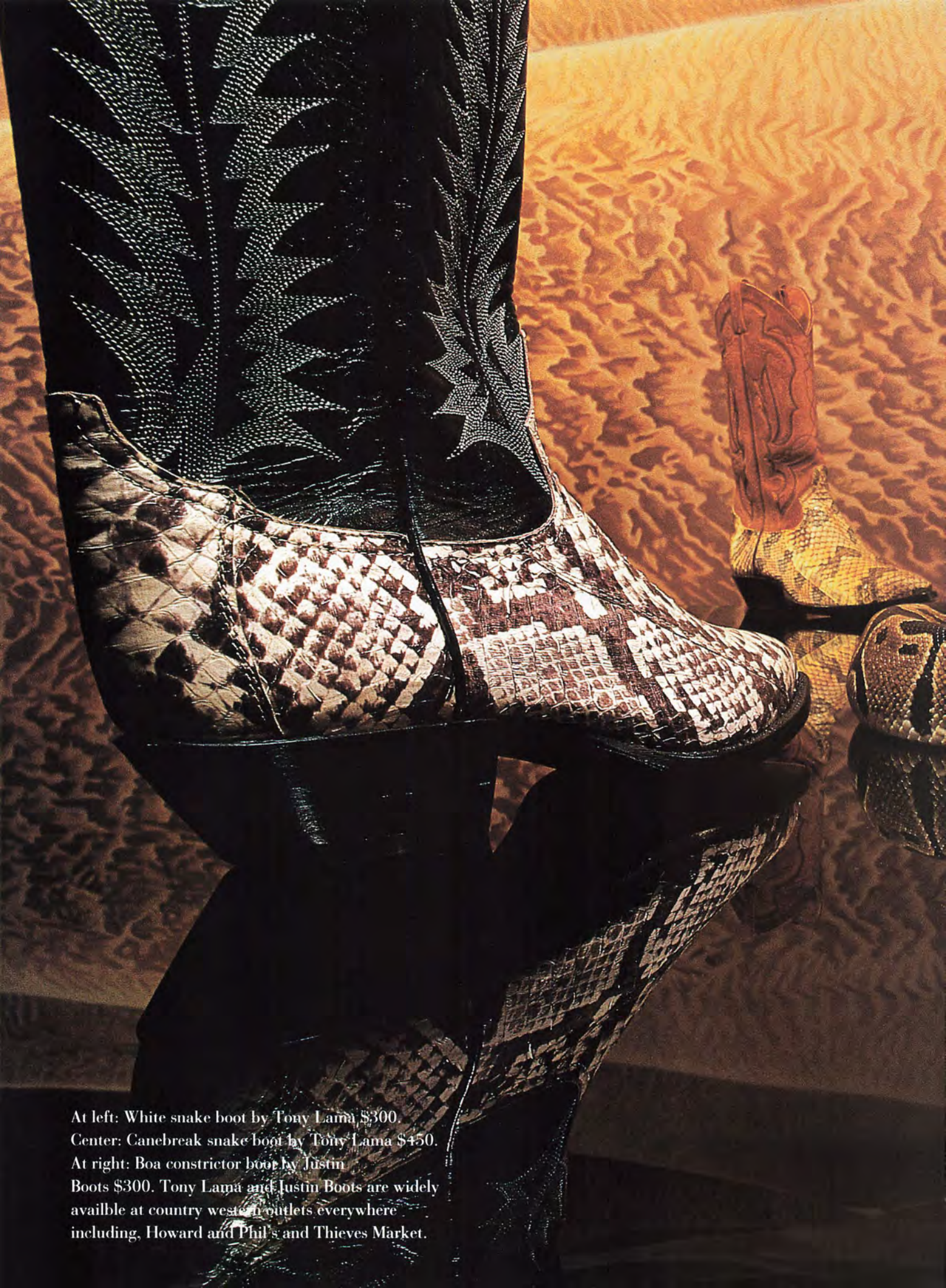
These boots were made for stalking

Photographs by Steve Krongard

At left: Red sharkskin boot by Ammons Boot Co., Inc. $300. Center: Sea bass boot by Tony Lama $300. At right: Green laminated sea bass inlaid on black leather by Ammons Boot Co., Inc. $400.

Scaling the depths of fashion...

Voyage to the bottom of the feet



At left: White snake boot by Tony Lama $300.
Center: Canebreak snake boot by Tony Lama $450.
At right: Boa constrictor boot by Justin
Boots $300. Tony Lama and Justin Boots are widely availble at country western outlets everywhere including, Howard and Phil's and Thieves Market.

Snake, rattle and roll

Stepping out in reptile-style...

From left to right: Leather boot with inlaid eagle design $350. Crocodile with hand-tooled leather upper $900. Kangaroo with inlaid butterfly design $350. Horn back alligator boot $2,500, all by Ammons Boot Co., Inc. All Ammons boots are handmade. Available at fine stores everywhere, including North Beach Leather and Buffalo Chips.Soon to be available at Cavenders and Thieves Market. Catalog available at (915) 595-2100.

Don't be left at the gate...
Take a walk on the wild side

Jackie

MARTLING'S JOKELAND

RIM JOB

A little Italian guy goes to the store to buy a brassiere for his wife. The salesman says, "What size?"
He says, "Six and seven-eighths."
The salesman says, "Six and seven-eighths? What kind of size is that?"
He says, "I measured 'em with a hat."

How do you get a nun pregnant?
Dress her up as an altar boy.

SNOW DOUBT

A baby polar bear goes up to his mother and says, "Mom, am I a polar bear?"
His mother says, "Of course you're a polar bear. I'm a polar bear and your father's a polar bear."
The cub says, "But am I a hundred percent pure polar bear?"
She says, "Go ask your father."
The baby polar bear goes up to his father and says, "Pop, am I a polar bear? I mean, a hundred percent *pure* polar bear?"
His father says, "Of course you're a polar bear. I'm a polar bear, your mother is a polar bear, both my parents were polar bears, both of your mother's parents were polar bears, all of our grandparents, both sides, were polar bears . . . yes, you're a hundred percent pure polar bear. Why do you ask?"
The cub says, "Because I'm fucking freezing!"

What do you call midget hookers who are too ugly to charge their customers?
The *free little pigs!*

Are *you* man enough to wear a pair of Ammons boots?
Ammons
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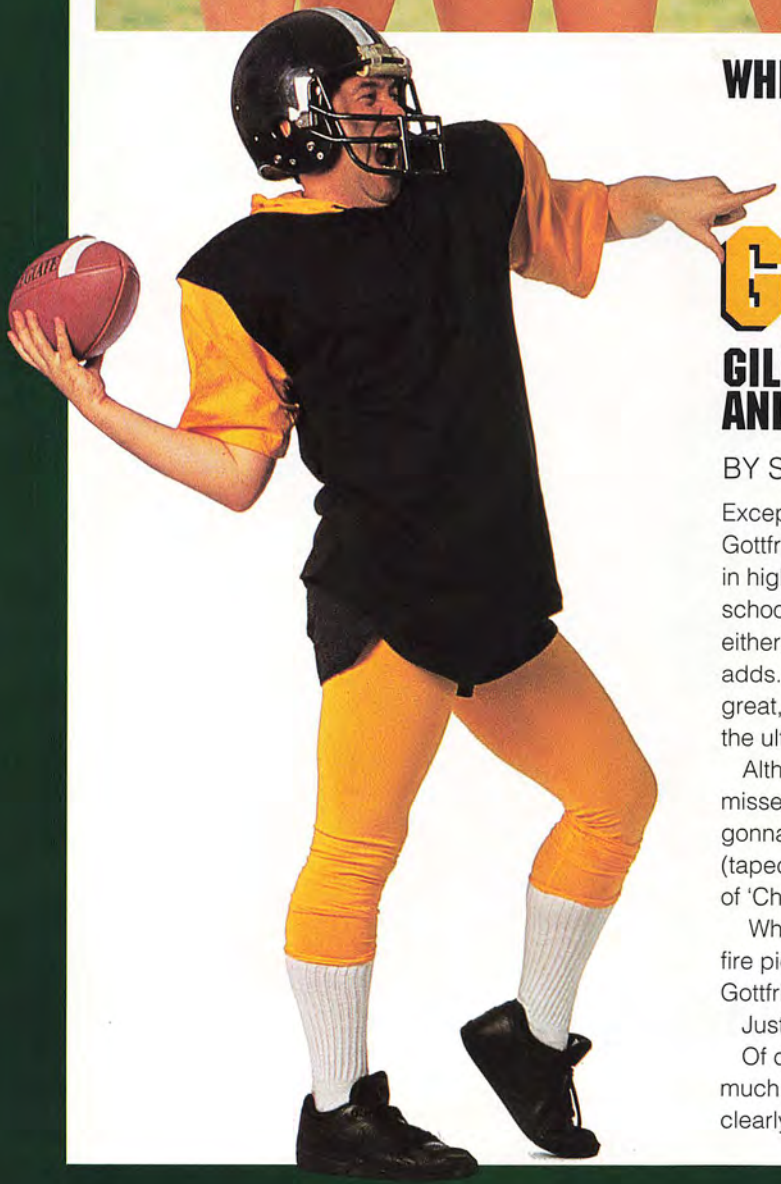


WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH...

THE TOUGH GET GILBERT!

GILBERT GOTTFRIED AND THE STARTING LINE-UP

BY STEVE GOLBERG

Except for speed, strength, size and endurance, Gilbert Gottfried says he had everything it took to be a football star in high school. Unfortunately, his Brooklyn, New York high school didn't have a team. "There were no cheerleaders, either, so I had to be turned down by ordinary girls," he adds. So, denied the opportunity to become a gridiron great, Gottfried turned to the road and to life as a comic, the ultimate free agent.

Although a devoted NFL fan, Gilbert admits that he missed last year's Super Bowl. "I have it on tape. I'm gonna watch it any day now," he swears. "The reason I (taped) it was that they had on a particularly good episode of 'Charles in Charge.' Anything with Scott Baio I'll watch."

Who better, then, to give Platinum readers some sure-fire picks for the upcoming NFL season than Gilbert Gottfried.

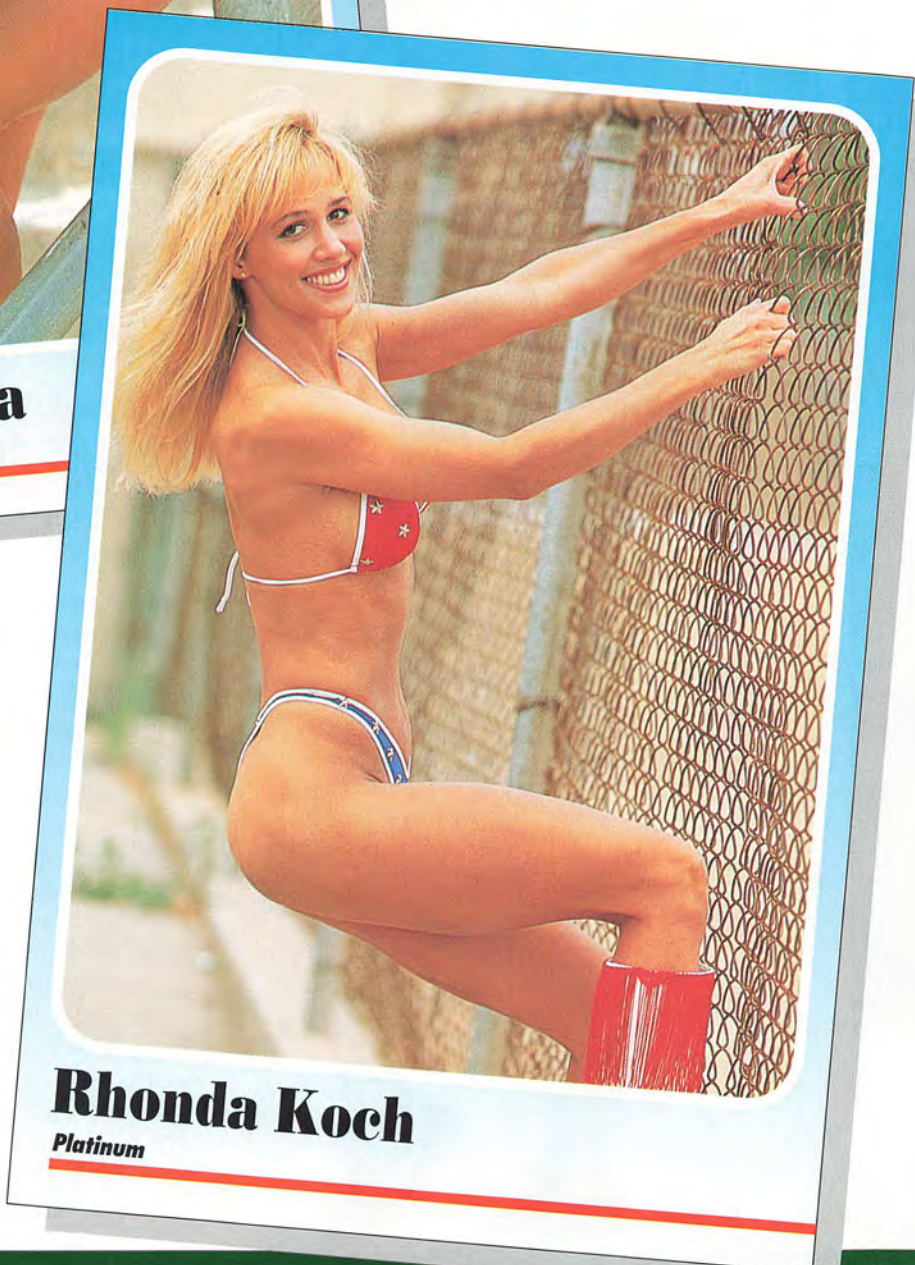
Just about anyone else, is our guess.

Of course, choosing pro sports' hottest cheerleaders is much easier. The Starting Line-Up, our picks for '93, are clearly in a league all their own.

Kimiko Tanaka

Platinum

Kimiko Tanaka, an instructor on ESPN's daily "Body Shaping" program, is a seven-year veteran of the Los Angeles Raiderettes. In addition, Kimiko has done several national commercials and continues to pursue an acting career.



Rhonda Koch

Platinum

Rhonda Koch, a seven-year veteran of the Raiderettes, is recognized by music fans the world over as the lead dancer for Latin rap artist Gerardo. In addition to her dancing, Rhonda is a busy model with 27 magazine covers to her credit, and numerous posters and calendars.

GILBERT ON: THE ORIGINS OF FOOTBALL

ORIGINALLY THEY WANTED TO NAME IT AFTER A PART OF THE BODY AND THE GAME WAS ORIGINALLY CALLED "TESTICLES." BUT THEY FOUND THEY COULDN'T GET AS MUCH TV TIME WITH THAT NAME. THEN THEY CHANGED IT TO BALLS AND TRIED COMBINING IT WITH OTHER BODY PARTS. THEY TRIED A FEW OTHER BODY PARTS AND IT GOT MORE AND MORE DISGUSTING. FINALLY, IT CAME DOWN TO FOOT AND BALL AND THEY WERE EVEN THINKING ABOUT CUTTING OUT THE BALL TO INSURE A "G" RATING.

THE ORIGIN OF CHEERLEADERS

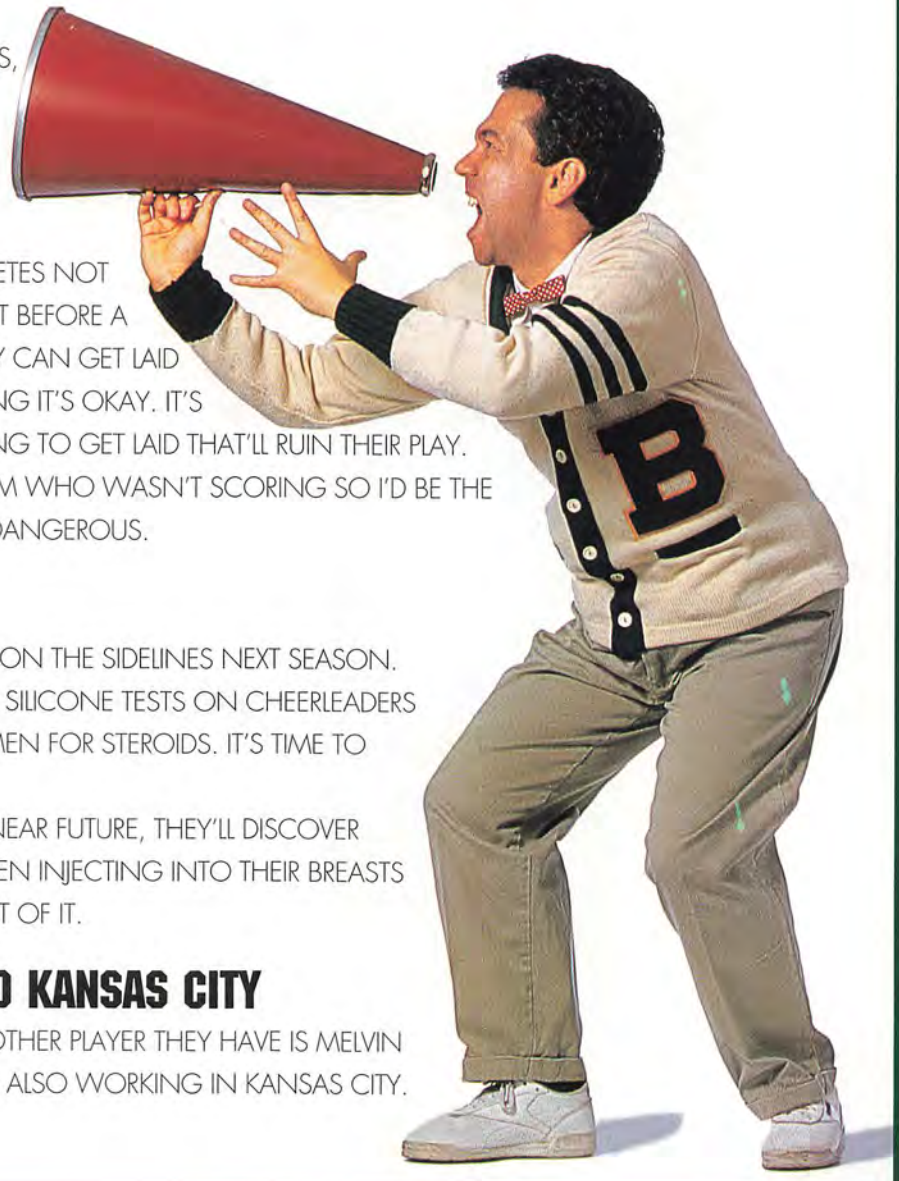
"CHEERLEADERS" IS AN OLD GREEK WORD WHICH MEANS GIRLS YOU'LL NEVER HAVE SEX WITH. THEY HAD CHEERLEADERS IN NEANDERTHAL TIMES BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE A LANGUAGE THEN. THEY HAD NO REAL ALPHABET. THE CHEERLEADERS WOULD GO, "GIVE ME A..." AND THEN JUST STOP.

CHEERLEADERS AND ATHLETES

DURING GREEK TIMES, MOST CHEERLEADERS WERE YOUNG BOYS, BUT THE ONES WHO WERE FEMALE WERE CONTENT THAT NO GUYS WOULD MAKE A PASS AT THEM.

COACHES ALWAYS TELL THE ATHLETES NOT TO GO OUT WITH GIRLS THE NIGHT BEFORE A GAME. THE BOTTOM LINE IS IF THEY CAN GET LAID IN THE BEGINNING OF THE EVENING IT'S OKAY. IT'S SPENDING THE ENTIRE NIGHT TRYING TO GET LAID THAT'LL RUIN THEIR PLAY.

I'D BE THE ONE GUY ON THE TEAM WHO WASN'T SCORING SO I'D BE THE ANGRIEST PLAYER. POSSIBLY I'D BE DANGEROUS.



DRUG TESTING

I FORESEE SIGNIFICANT CHANGES ON THE SIDELINES NEXT SEASON. THEY'RE GOING TO RUN RANDOM SILICONE TESTS ON CHEERLEADERS AT THE SAME TIME THEY TEST THE MEN FOR STEROIDS. IT'S TIME TO CLEAN UP THE GAME.

I PREDICT THAT ONE DAY IN THE NEAR FUTURE, THEY'LL DISCOVER WHAT THE CHEERLEADERS HAVE BEEN INJECTING INTO THEIR BREASTS AND BEGIN TO MAKE HELMETS OUT OF IT.

JOE MONTANA GOING TO KANSAS CITY

I WASN'T SURPRISED BECAUSE ANOTHER PLAYER THEY HAVE IS MELVIN NEW JERSEY. HOWARD INDIANA IS ALSO WORKING IN KANSAS CITY. IT'S A GEOGRAPHICAL THING.

WHETHER BUFFALO WILL LOSE THEIR FOURTH SUPER BOWL IN A ROW

I THINK BUFFALO WILL TRY TO LOSE THE SUPER BOWL BECAUSE THEY'RE MASOCHISTS AND AFTER THE GAME THEY WANT TO GET TIED UP AND BEATEN.

BUFFALO IS LIKE CLEVELAND WITHOUT THE EXCITEMENT.

THEY'RE CALLED THE BILLS BECAUSE THERE ALREADY WAS A TEAM AT THE TIME CALLED THE "ERNIES," WHICH WAS THE NAME THEY REALLY WANTED.

WHAT THE BEARS WILL BE LIKE WITHOUT DITKA

I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO TURN INTO A BUNCH OF FLESH-EATING ZOMBIES. JUST MARK MY WORD ON THAT ONE.

A WINDY TOWN. IT HAS A LOT OF WIND. THAT'S WHAT CHICAGO'S KNOWN FOR. IN FACT, CHICAGO DOESN'T HAVE NATURAL WIND. THEY JUST HAVE FANS, BIG WIND MACHINES, BECAUSE THAT'S ALL THEY HAVE GOING FOR THEM. THEY ADVERTISE "COME TO CHICAGO, THERE'S WIND HERE." PEOPLE COME THERE WITH CAMERAS TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE WIND GOING BY.

WHY JERRY GLANVILLE IS A LONELY GUY

JERRY GLANVILLE ACTUALLY LEAVES TWO TICKETS FOR BARRY MANILOW AT EVERY GAME. ORIGINALLY, HE WAS LEAVING TICKETS FOR ELVIS, BUT EVENTUALLY HE REALIZED THAT ELVIS WASN'T SHOWING UP. HE'S NOT THE BRIGHTEST GUY IN THE WORLD. AFTER THAT HE BEGAN LEAVING TICKETS FOR MARILYN MONROE, AND THEN TICKETS FOR PRESIDENT EISENHOWER. NOW FOR BARRY MANILOW. HE FIGURES THAT AT LEAST THE GUY IS ALIVE; HE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE OF SHOWING UP. AT THIS POINT, NO ONE WANTS TO SIT WITH JERRY GLANVILLE.

SPORTSMANSHIP

I THINK TAUNTING SHOULD GO ON. IN FACT, I THINK WEAPONS SHOULD BE USED. I THINK ADVANCED MEANS OF TORTURE SHOULD TAKE PLACE, SOMETIMES PHYSICAL, SOMETIMES PSYCHOLOGICAL. I THINK THE GAME SHOULD BE MADE SHORTER AND THE TORTURE LONGER.

I THINK FOR $3 MILLION THEY SHOULDN'T WEAR HELMETS OR ANY PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT. FOR $3 MILLION, THEY SHOULD BE WILLING TO GET CRIPPLED AND KILLED FOR THE CROWD.

Linda Sobek

Platinum

Swimwear model Linda Sobek has been a Raiderette for four years. She is the cover girl for the 1993 Raiderette calendar, and has countless posters, calendars and magazine features in her portfolio.

Christy Sandoval

Platinum

Christy Sandoval, a five-year member of the Raiderette squad, was the 1992 spokes model for Tecate beer. Christy has appeared on episodes of "Baywatch" and "Inside America," and in the movies "Sideout" and "Brain Donors."

Gretchen Stockdale

Platinum

Gretchen Stockdale, a.k.a. Miss Makita Tools 1992, is a five-year veteran of the Raiderettes, and has appeared on posters for both Budweiser and Seagram's. Sports fans can get a glimpse of Gretchen in PolyGram's "Pro Football's Hottest Cheerleaders" video.

Brooke Morales

Platinum

Brooke Morales is a four-year veteran of the Raiderettes, and is one of the most recognizable poster girls in the nation. She has nearly 60 national posters on the market, has appeared in countless calendars, and was chosen cover girl for Sport magazine's 1991 Swimsuit Issue and related video.

A DALLAS REPEAT

I THINK IF THEY EAT A HIGH FIBER DIET THEY CAN WIN. THAT'S WHAT IT ALL DEPENDS ON NOW. IT ALWAYS MADE *ME* RUN FASTER.

HIS FAVORITE TEAM

MY FAVORITE TEAM IS ABBOTT AND COSTELLO, AND SOME OF ROWAN AND MARTIN'S EARLY STUFF.

HIS FAVORITE PLAYER

JOE NAMATH. I'M THE ONE WHO MAKES HIS TOUPEES.

WHO WILL WIN THE AFC

MIAMI. WHEN I PICTURE MIAMI, I SEE A TEAM OF 90-YEAR-OLD JEWS WEARING SHORTS AND SUNGLASSES AND COMPLAINING THAT NO ONE CALLS THEM ANYMORE. I THINK THEY'RE AN ANGRIER TEAM (BECAUSE THEIR GRANDCHILDREN AREN'T CALLING). HOWEVER, THEY DO TEND TO STOP IN THE MIDDLE OF A GAME AND GO, "OY, MY BURSITIS IS KILLING ME. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE FINE."

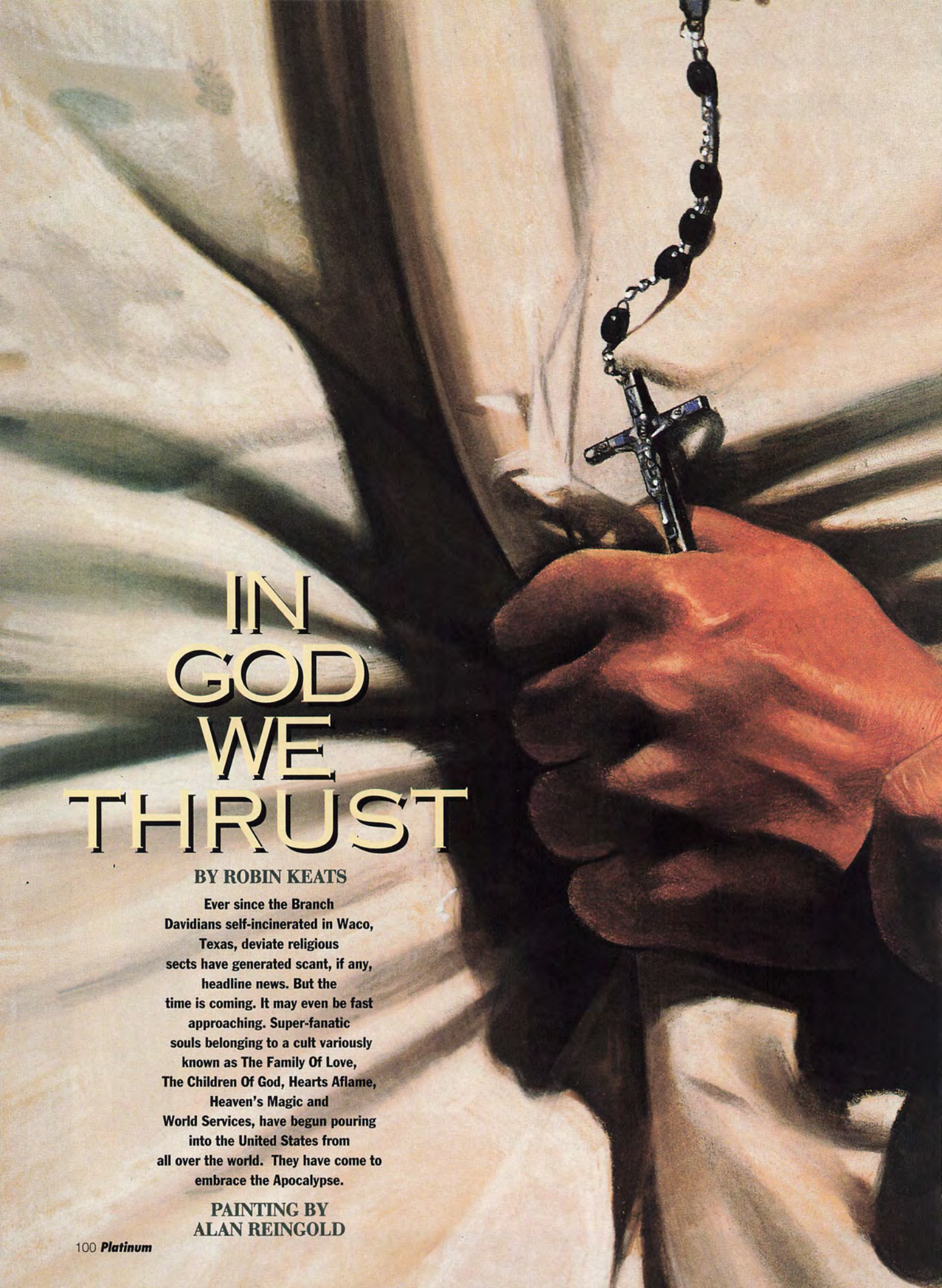
IT'S INTERESTING THAT THEY'RE NAMED THE DOLPHINS. IT COMES FROM THAT FACT THAT WHEN PEOPLE WENT TUNA FISHING OFF THE COAST OF MIAMI, SEVERAL FOOTBALL PLAYERS WERE CAUGHT IN THE NETS AND ACCIDENTALLY CHOPPED UP INTO TUNA CANS. IT'S A MEMORIAL KIND OF THING, I THINK.

WHO WILL WIN THE NFC

GREEN BAY. IT'S MY FAVORITE TOWN, GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN. THEY'RE A MEAT PACKING TOWN. ORIGINALLY THE TEAM WAS CALLED THE MEAT PACKERS, BUT IT HAD A BAD SOUND TO IT. FANS USED TO SAY, "HEY, LET'S GO SEE THE MEAT PACKERS." IT WAS HARD TO PICK UP WOMEN LIKE THAT. THEY'D SAY, "HEY LADY, YOU WANNA GO ON A DATE? I'M A MEAT PACKER." AFTER MEAT PACKERS, THEY WERE GOING TO CALL THEMSELVES THE "HOMOS," BUT THAT WOULDN'T WORK EITHER.

WHO WILL WIN THE SUPER BOWL

I HAVE TO GO WITH THE PACKERS. NO QUESTION. AND I KNOW FOOTBALL. THE DOLPHINS, BEING VERY SMART ANIMALS, WILL REALIZE WHAT THE TERM "PACKERS" MEANS AND WILL SWIM AWAY QUICKLY LIKE FLIPPER AT A SUSHI BAR. ANYTIME THE PACKERS SHOW UP, PEOPLE WILL RUN AWAY HOLDING THEIR ASSES. ●



IN GOD WE THRUST

BY ROBIN KEATS

Ever since the Branch Davidians self-incinerated in Waco, Texas, deviate religious sects have generated scant, if any, headline news. But the time is coming. It may even be fast approaching. Super-fanatic souls belonging to a cult variously known as The Family Of Love, The Children Of God, Hearts Aflame, Heaven's Magic and World Services, have begun pouring into the United States from all over the world. They have come to embrace the Apocalypse.

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Cult leader David Berg, who is now 74 years old and thought to be living in Japan, is encouraging this in-gathering. He's been telling his faithful flock that their return to America is a necessary preparation which will facilitate Christ's long-promised return to Earth. The truth is, however, that many of these sorry souls have little choice but to repatriate. During the course of the past two years, chapters of The Family Of Love have been kicked out of China, Egypt and the Canary Islands. Most recently, they've been on the run from Argentina, Australia, Spain and Brazil, as well.

Though cult members have proven to be international trouble-makers, their misdeeds have thus far failed to garner global media attention. The Bush Administration, for example, was so ignorant of their disreputable ways that during the 1992 holiday season, members of the Family (using one of the cult's more innocent sounding aliases) were invited to sing Christmas carols to then First Lady Barbara Bush in the East Room of the White House. The Family has also entertained at a Nancy Reagan-sponsored benefit for the Boys Republic, and at charity fund-raisers for the YMCA, a Kiwanis Club and a school for handicapped students.

In 1969, Berg dispatched 50 missionaries to carry their bizarre message across America. With ashes affixed to their faces, wearing red sack cloth vestments and carrying staffs, Family members attracted plenty of local attention wherever they went. The cult zealots worked the crowds at hippie "be-ins," rock concerts and anti-war rallies. Their cross-country missionary work was followed by the establishment of cult centers on Los Angeles' Skid Row and (shades of the Davidians) on a ranch in Texas.

The wild words of David Berg traveled well, as his disciples spread out across the border into Latin America, and overseas to Europe, Asia and Africa. Then, as the Family grew in numbers, Berg decided to put its women to work. He ordered them into the streets to ply the world's oldest profession.

Berg sent the female faithful out with specific instructions: "Tease (the would-be convert)," he said. "Flirt with him. Then, screw him until he drops over."

The cult leader didn't call their labors prostitution; the work was labeled "flirty fishing." Berg was proud of their achievements and with the speed of their accomplishments. It took his holy hookers, he once boasted, one-sixth of the time it took Billy Graham's crusade to convert a new follower.

THEY CLAIMED THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMET KOHOUTEK MEANT GOD WAS ON HIS WAY TO SQUASH AMERICA.

The irony is, of course, that The Family Of Love is among the most divinely devious and sexually controversial religious cults ever to surface in America.

The Family, whose members have, at times, shamelessly exploited sex in the name of God, originated as an Aquarian Age collection of misguided Christians who began coalescing 25 years ago in Huntington Beach, California. They predicted the Apocalypse and claimed that the then impending arrival of the comet Kohoutek meant that God was on his way to squash America. They proudly, albeit preposterously, also proclaimed that the spirits of General Douglas MacArthur and the Pied Piper were speaking to them from beyond the grave. And, it was the

The cult's connection with sex subsequently gave them a level of notoriety that even its avowed racism and anti-Semitism couldn't match. It eventually caused a backlash that was partially responsible for sending them into temporary decline. In the Canary Islands, for example, local prostitutes so resented the cult's flirty fishing competition that they forced their government to deport the so-called happy hookers for Christ.

When resistance to the practice of holy prostitution finally began to grow

from within the organization, Berg gradually turned his focus to the indoctrination of the Family's children.

Trouble overseas increased when, in 1990, Argentine police reported finding cocaine, porn videos and obscene reading material in cult compounds. Subsequent raids conducted by Spanish and Brazilian authorities added to what was becoming a mounting global assault. Last year, the Australian government led a particularly effective attack during which they busted six cult groups who, they alleged, were responsible for 142 cases of child abuse.

The Family is currently estimated to have from 10,000 to 25,000 followers worldwide. Bulgaria is said to be home to over 2,000 adherents. Over 4,000 are believed to be residing in America — mostly in California, Texas and on the East Coast. From 200 to 300 returned exiles are said to have taken up residence in Riverside, Orange, San Diego, San Francisco and Los Angeles counties, with thousands more reportedly on the way.

Most sexually oriented cults appeal to people who seek to experience sublime ecstasy, and thus teach a theology which combines eroticism with spirituality. While there is nothing innately evil about such doctrine, those cult leaders who successfully harness the power of these beliefs have always been, by nature, megalomaniacal fanatics with prodigious libidos.

Consider the case of Branch Davidian leader, David Koresh.

One of Koresh's core teachings concerned women who might be suitable mates. The self-appointed "Lamb," according to one-time Davidian Marc Breault, "taught that all women in the world belonged to him, that those of us who were married had to give up our wives to him, and that only he had the right to procreate."

Koresh, who practiced exactly what he preached, wedded 19 female Davidians who bore him 10 children.

Although Federal officials expressed surprise when Koresh and his followers chose death as their final reward, the sequence of events at the Branch Davidian compound was essentially no more than an updated restaging of a previous cult tragedy involving a sexually obsessive, apocalyptic group of religious fanatics known as the Brotherhood of the Red Death.

ORGASM WAS THE PAYOFF PROMISED THOSE WHO BROUGHT 12 CONVERTS INTO THE FOLD.

The Brotherhood was an underground religious society which operated in Czarist Russia during the final decades of the 19th century. Its leaders forbade followers to marry, and made chastity the prime commandment. They allowed the faithful to practice sex only under certain very strict conditions.

Orgasm was a payoff promised to those who proved their worth by advancing the Brotherhood's 12-step program of discipleship. Anyone who succeeded in bringing 12 converts into the fold was allowed to have offi-

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cially sanctioned sex. But only once, since this reward was, in turn, to be followed by officially sanctioned suicide, in which postcoital couples were required to suffocate each other with red pillows.

The Brotherhood, like the Davidians one century later, predicted the Apocalypse, which they believed would occur on November 13, 1900. In celebration, a gathering of 862 adherents made a holy commitment to have sex that day and then smother each other to death.

When news of the Brotherhood's orgiastic plans reached the Kremlin, the Czar sent troops to prevent the scheduled holocaust. By the time soldiers arrived, over 100 of the faithful had already climaxed and breathed their last.

The Skoptzies were an even more deviant, Russian sex cult, whose followers numbered in the thousands during the 18th and 19th centuries. They, too, had a 12-step program to overcome the obstacle of lust, which they believed to be separating them from God's blessing. Similar to those in the Brotherhood, every member was directed to bring 12 converts to the cause. However, the Skoptzie who did so was not rewarded with the chance to have sex, but rather was accorded the honor of being considered an apostate, or church elder.

Skoptzie males with ambition to be more than merely an apostate could qualify for inclusion in the cult's honorary Beavers Of The Imperial Seal by cutting off their testicles. They referred to this bloody ritual as "giving up the keys of the Abyss." The pious Skoptzie woman was encouraged to excise her nipples and clitoris. The radical cult femme might amputate one or both breasts to show her devotion.

Not all of the cult's faithful were quite so devout. Nonetheless, men who retained their genitalia were not excommunicated, since the Skoptzie leadership recognized the role of procreation to be essential to cult survival. In fact, they predicted that when their population reached 144,000, they would see the dawn of Armageddon.

Women unwilling to part with their genitalia also remained in line to serve the well-being of the cult. They became officially sanctioned whores, who turned their incomes over to the cult treasury.

The Russians didn't invent the God-serving whore; the role of the holy hooker dates back to pre-Roman civilizations. Herodotus, the Greek historian, described the work of the temple prostitute in ancient Babylon's Cult of Astarte: "Every woman of the country must, once in her life, go and sit in the temple and there give herself to a strange man. She is not allowed to go home until a man has thrown a silver coin into her lap and taken her outside to lie with him. She has no privilege of choice — she must go with the first man who throws her money."

THE ROLE OF THE GOD-SERVING WHORE DATES BACK TO PRE-ROMAN CIVILIZATIONS.

The Kauchilua cult, in India, also used the temple for sexual purposes. While not mercantile-minded like the Babylonians, they staged sex lotteries in their houses of worship. The lottery ritual began with men and women entering a temple through separate entrances. While the men were being seated, the line of women passed before a priest, who had them exchange their corsets for individually assigned tickets corresponding to numbers the priest affixed to the garments. Then, the women joined the men for services.

A most definitive form of dirty dancing followed. As the dancing grew feverish, the priest would make his way through the throbbing faithful, handing a corset to each of the men, who would then comb the crowd, searching for the woman with the matching ticket. Every ticket was a winner.

The matching pairs of Kauchilua were directed to have sex with one another right then and there. Any pre-existing relationship between partners was considered to be irrelevant; it didn't matter if it meant copulating with one's father, daughter, brother or mother-in-law. The idea was that such illicit sex exorcised demons which the Kauchilua believed to be taboos visited upon mankind.

Most, if not all, cults succeed at stretching the bounds of the imagination. Consider the fantastic theology of Thomas Lake Harris, who established his cult in upstate New York in the 19th century. According to their dogma, a race of fairies lived in female breasts — as if they were some sort of subdermal, miniature troglodytes. Priests and priestesses were believed to be in residence in right breasts; left breasts were reserved for Queens only. It was a sex and spirituality connection never made before. Or since.

And then there are the Shakers, a sect of ultra-chaste Americans who believe that there is *never* a right time, in life or after death, for sex. As a result, Shaker congregations have been comprised solely of converts, and while the sect does not predict an Apocalypse per se, it doesn't really need to. With no new blood, and a total drop-off in converts, the Shakers face imminent extinction. Today, only two Shakers remain alive and both are over 100 years old. ●

CREDITS
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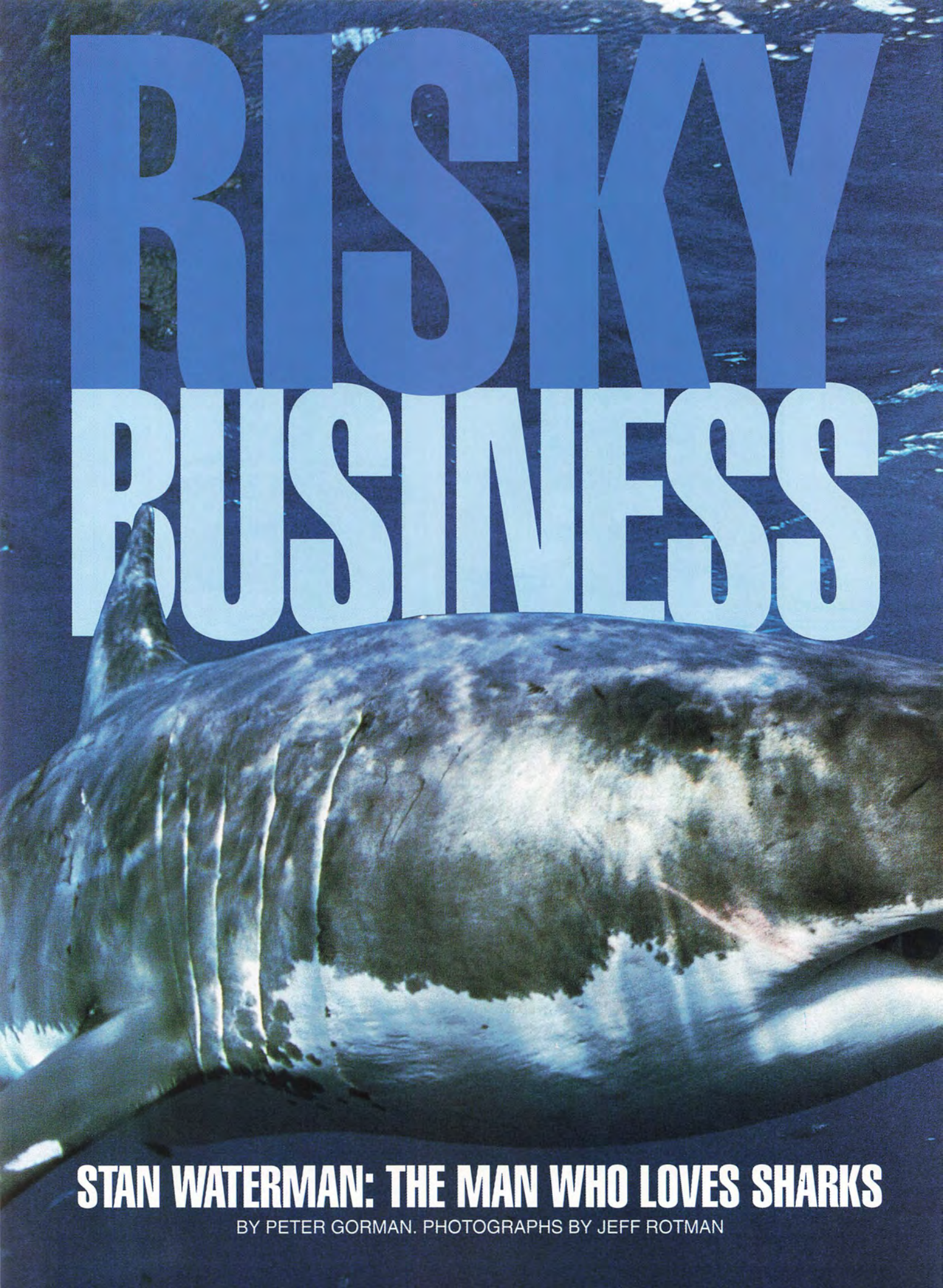


RISKY BUSINESS

STAN WATERMAN: THE MAN WHO LOVES SHARKS

BY PETER GORMAN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF ROTMAN

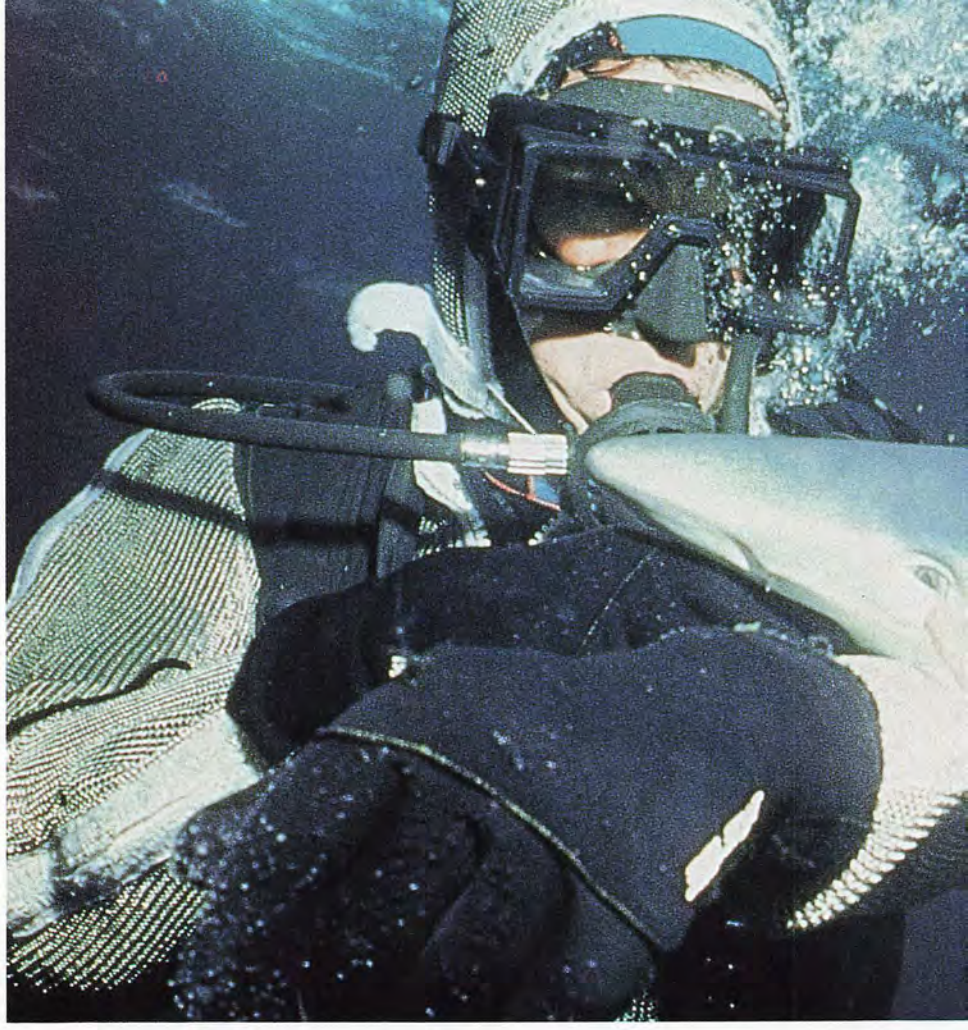
The morning air was salty and the choppy ocean seemed to stretch out forever. The Bottom Scratcher, a fishing boat outfitted with an aluminum shark cage, drifted on the water, leaving in its wake an oily trail of frozen mackerel — chum for any blue sharks in the area.

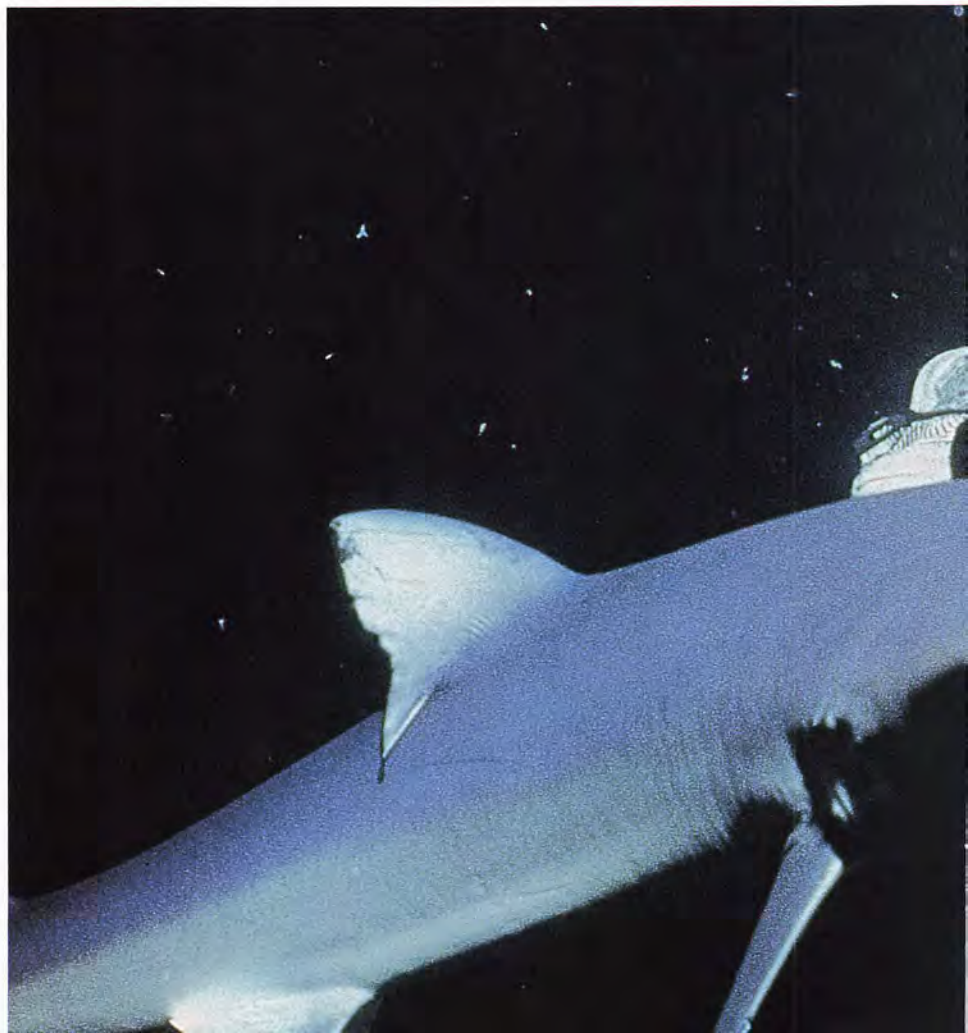
The leader of the expedition, 67-year-old Stan Waterman, the grey-haired father of American underwater cinematography, checked with his team. Suzy, his daughter, would man the cage with author Peter Benchley. Two divers, with chain mail armor over their wet suits, would position themselves as targets outside the cage. Waterman, with neither the protection of the cage nor the chain mail, would film the sharks feeding.

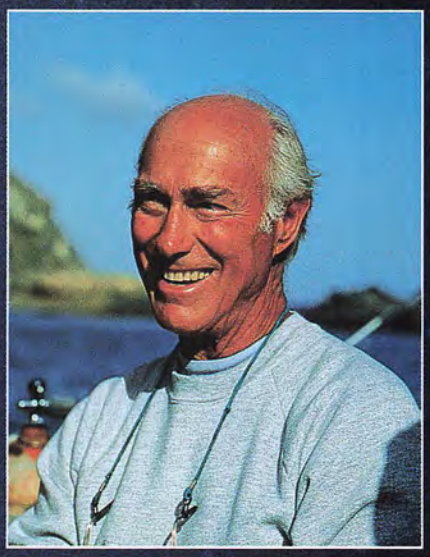
The cage was lowered to a depth of 20 feet. Suzy opened her bag of bloody fish parts and pushed them through the bars. Within minutes the sharks had picked up the scent.

The first blues on the scene were small, perhaps four or five feet long. One of them banged hard off the bars, sending a percussive wave rippling through the water. Others nearly managed to slide between the bars, and had to either be prodded free or pulled out by their tails. Within minutes more blues began to appear, many of them good-sized adults with lengths of nearly eight feet. The number of sharks around the cage swelled until there were dozens of them swimming in and out of the shadows, biting at the divers, rocking the cage, and snatching at the food that drifted in the water. The elegant and dangerous dance continued for nearly an hour before Waterman gave the signal to return to the surface.

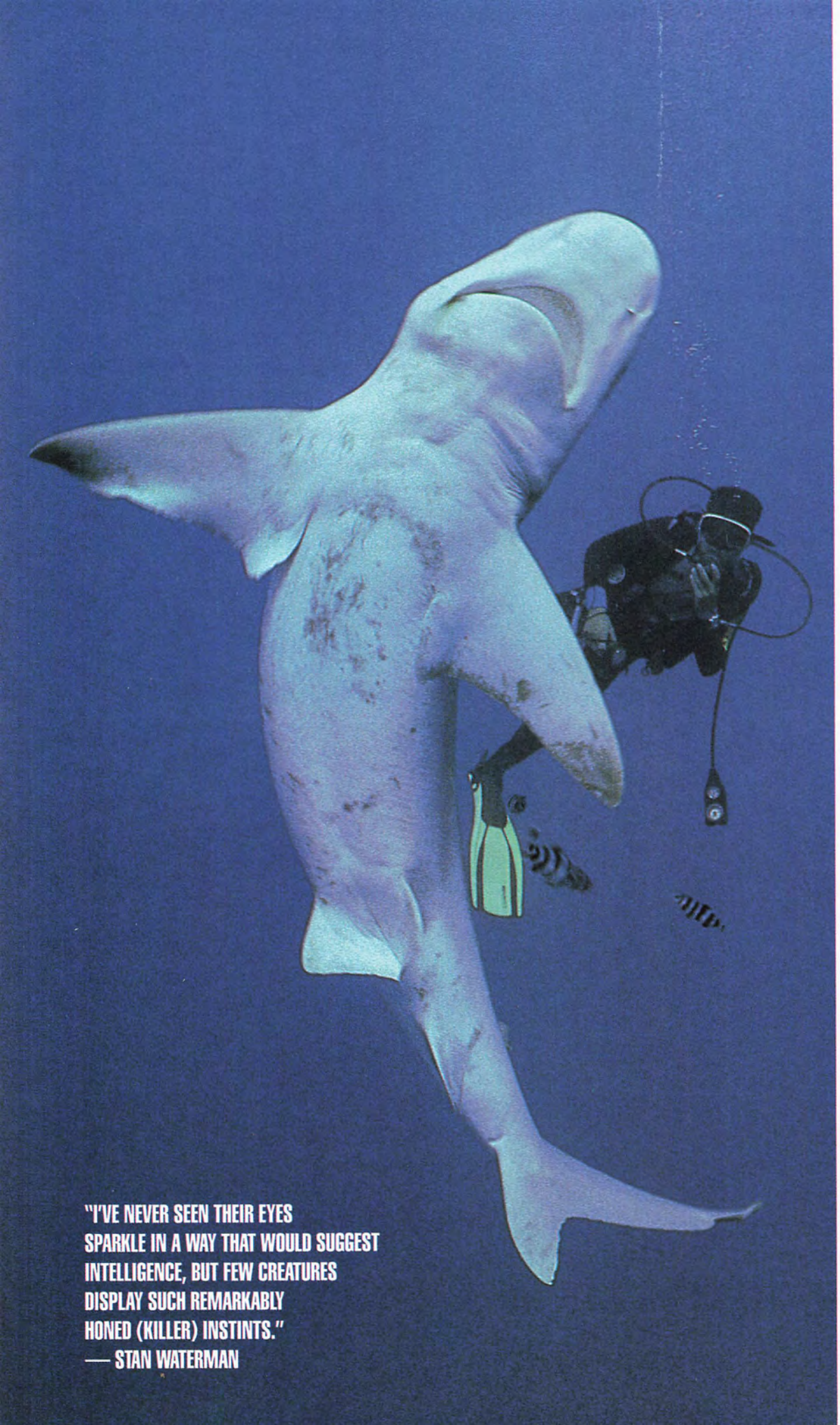
"Sharks don't *eat* humans, of course, that's just a myth," laughs Waterman, "but they will take a bite. Not even the great whites are likely to attack, but they are curious. Phalangic sharks, open ocean species, will generally circle you and watch and if they are interested they'll bump up against you to get a feel for you, and then finally try a bite. They can be poled off and kicked off and so on, but if you're drifting in the open ocean they will eventually wear you down. Of course, the rubbing opens up bare skin which brings blood into the water and that







"THE SENSATION OF HAVING A SHARK BITE ME DOESN'T EXCITE ME VERY MUCH ... THERE WOULD BE A LOT OF PRESSURE AND IT WOULD LEAVE A BIG BRUISE."
— STAN WATERMAN



"I'VE NEVER SEEN THEIR EYES SPARKLE IN A WAY THAT WOULD SUGGEST INTELLIGENCE, BUT FEW CREATURES DISPLAY SUCH REMARKABLY HONED (KILLER) INSTINTS."
— STAN WATERMAN

certainly encourages them.

"Now if a feeding frenzy starts that's something else. The sharks just go into a wild, mad frenzy, biting everything in sight. When sharks go into an attacking mode they generally drop their pectoral fins, they travel much faster, their tails begin to work in a little different way, they turn more quickly and so forth. When you see those behaviors beginning to happen it's probably time that you sound a retreat. At least if you're prudent."

Back aboard the Bottom Scratcher, Peter Benchley came over to talk. "Stan is a marvelous film maker, you know," he said. "But he's more than that. In the end it is his insight, sensitivity and sensibility which may prove as beneficial to the sea and its creatures as the sea has been to him." ●

marni

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAROCCO/SANTORI

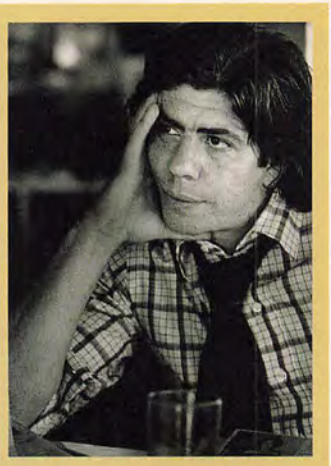
SHORT CUTS

YOU INTERESTED IN A COUPLE OF HOT TITS?

A store in Fort Lauderdale, Florida that caters to women who have had mastectomies was robbed of prosthetic bathing suits and its inventory of artificial breasts. Police detectives suspect that a group of transvestites, who recently burglarized a nearby dress shop, may have committed the burglary.

Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just happy to see our wide selection of Queen-size formal wear?

JOURNALISM 101: HOW TO GET PAID TWICE FOR THE SAME ARTICLE



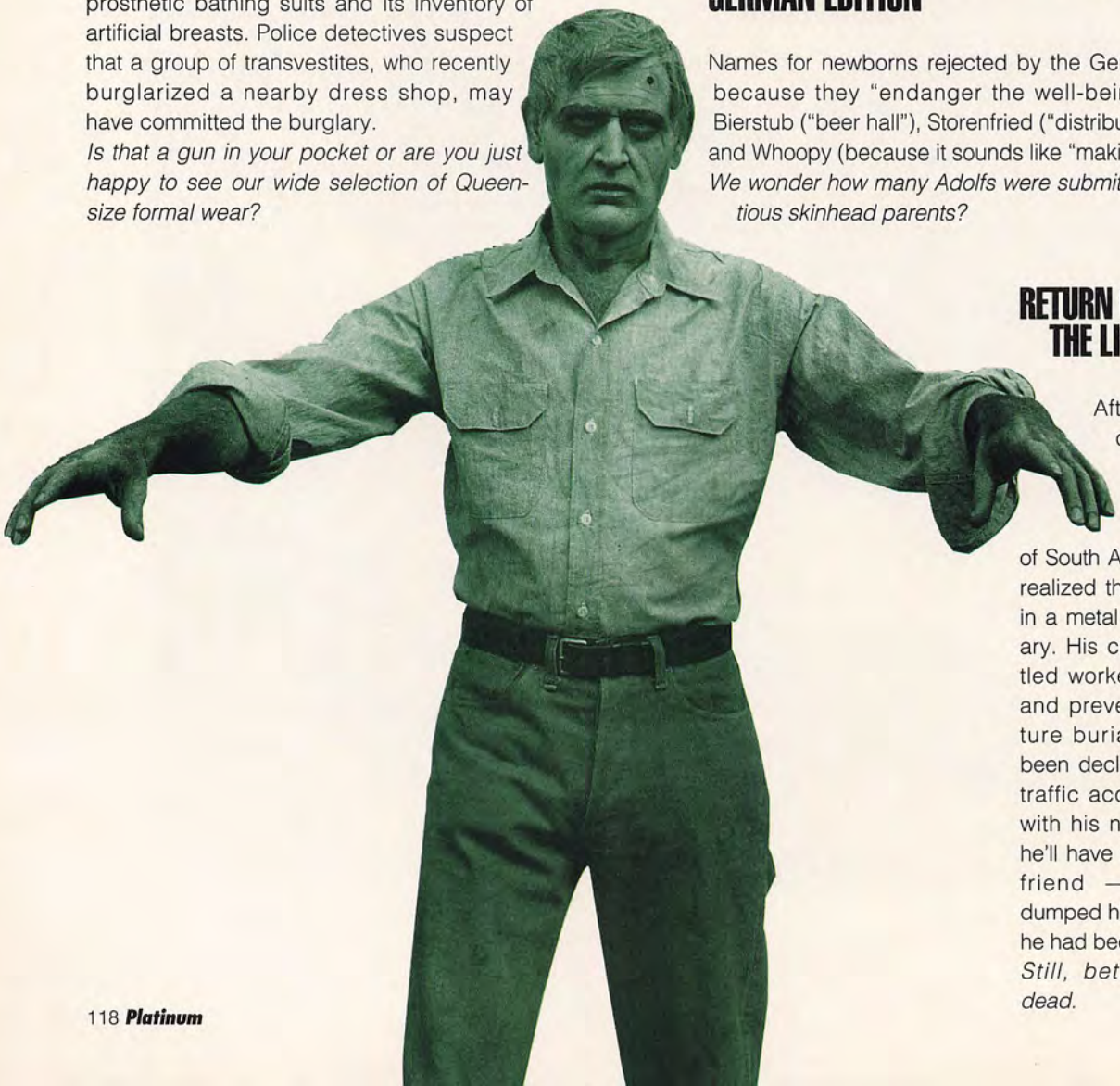
Carl Bernstein spoke at Michigan's Wayne State University on "The Idiot Culture: The American Press and the Slow Death of Truth." His fee was $5,000. For that tidy sum, he recited almost word-for-word an article he wrote for New Republic last year on how journalism is too saturated with celebrities.

And definitely too saturated with celebrity reporters who are too lazy to write a new speech.

DEPT. OF USELESS GOVERNMENT FUNCTIONS, GERMAN EDITION

Names for newborns rejected by the German government because they "endanger the well-being of the child:" Bierstub ("beer hall"), Storenfried ("distributor of the peace") and Whoopy (because it sounds like "making whoppee").

We wonder how many Adolfs were submitted by over ambitious skinhead parents?



RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

After drifting in and out of consciousness for two days, Sipho William Molitshe of South Africa came to and realized that he was sealed in a metal coffin in a mortuary. His cries brought startled workers to his rescue and prevented his premature burial. Molitshe had been declared dead after a traffic accident, but along with his new lease on life, he'll have to find a new girlfriend — his old one dumped him, convinced that he had become a zombie.

Still, better unwed than dead.

BLUE BALLS AND RED FACES IN WISCONSIN

A female thief in Stevens Point, Wisconsin has a unique style of robbing men which has led to her being nicknamed "The Snow Queen." The woman persuaded at least three men to undress in her truck, after which she ordered them to get out and rub snow all over themselves. While they grew frosty, she drove away with their clothes and money.

And these guys actually went to the police and admitted they were that stupid?

HARASSING TO THE OLDIES

Lori Pastore, a former employee of the QVC TV shopping network, is asking exercise guru Richard Simmons for $150,000 in damages for emotional distress. According to Pastore, Simmons made lewd, lecherous, wanton and lascivious comments to her. A spokesman for Simmons said, "It happened two years ago and I assumed it was all over with."

Guess we don't know dick like she knows dick.

OK, YOU DRUG DEALERS ARE IN DEEP DOO-DOO NOW!

An Anaheim, California, anti-drug, citizen's group has attempted to get dealers to stop selling shit by spreading shit. The group, called Somebody, spread1,750 pounds of cow manure over La Palma Park in hopes that the stench would drive out its infestation of drug dealers. The group has also given away 15,000 pounds of manure to other anti-drug crusaders.

Pssst. Wanna score some shit?

STONED TO THE BONE

The first physical evidence that marijuana was used as a medication in ancient times was reported by Israeli scientists who recently found pot residue with the skeleton of a girl who apparently died while giving birth 1,600 years ago.

Researchers said that the marijuana was probably used to speed the birth and kill the pain. The scientists added that references to marijuana can be found as far back as 1600 B.C., in Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman writings.

It makes you wonder: How do you express "Just Say No" in hieroglyphics?

TUNNELS OF LOVE

Predictability is the number one killer of passion. So, if you love your lady, and you own a bedroom, get her out of there.

Try substituting a different backdrop for your love-making, one that will speed up your lover's pulse and flood her mind with urgent sexual energy. Find a place that celebrates the pleasures of the body and shamelessly traffics in self indulgence. Take her to a carnival, a water slide or an amusement park.

For best effect, spontaneously carry her off to one of these invaluable establishments after work. Explain that they're not just for kids anymore. Ask her to think of them as foreplay zones, where the object is to derive the maximum sensual pleasure short of penetration, while evading the scrutiny of park security and fellow patrons.

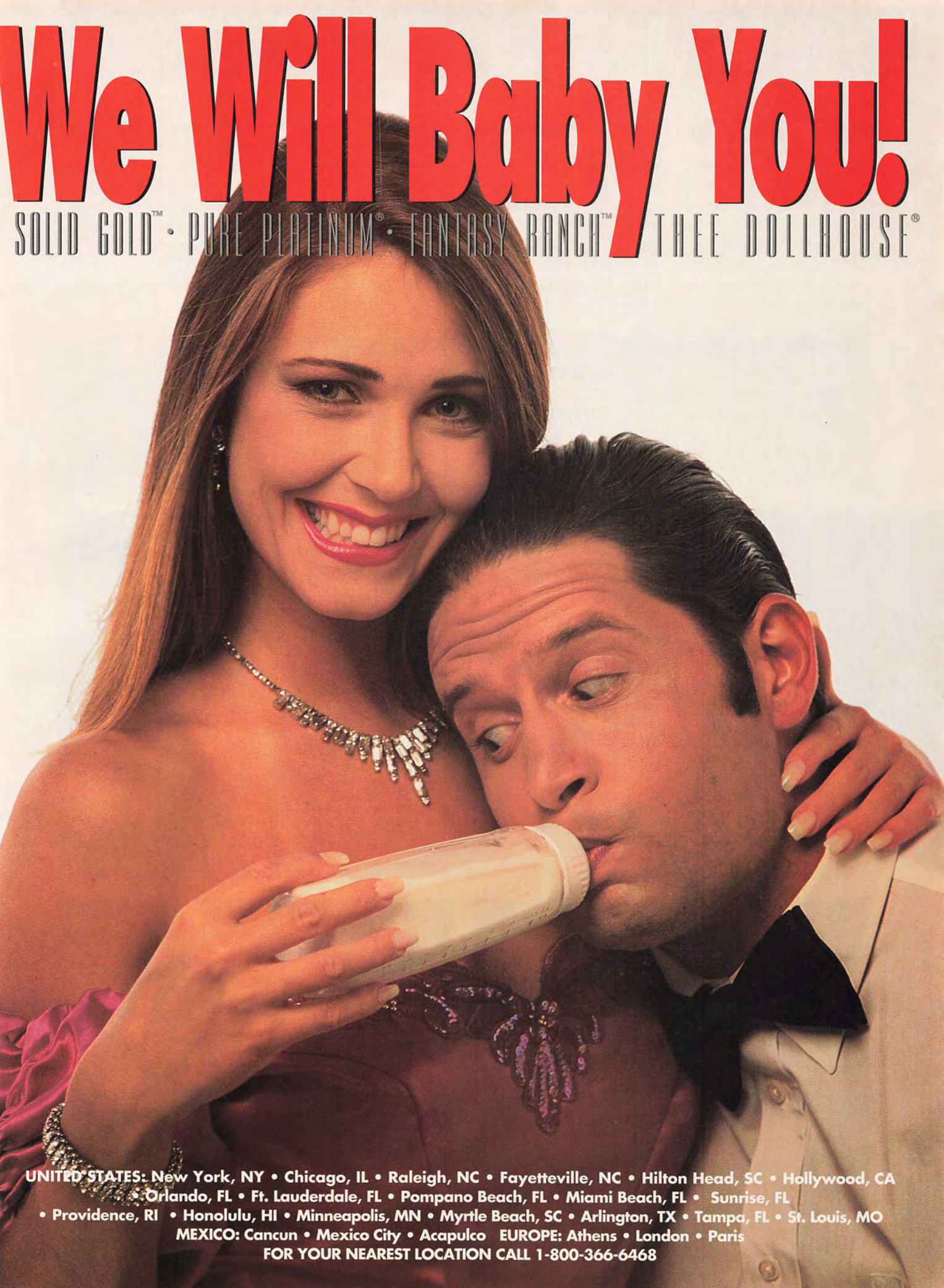
Arrive at the park in the sultry, early evening when the colored lights are flickering to life, and all of the families with toddlers have left. Dress appropriately, so you can discreetly fiddle with each other when no one's looking. (And wear comfortable shoes, as sore feet are an enemy of passion.)

Whether you realize it or not, the routine you've gotten into lately has probably muffled your sense perceptions. Revel in all the sensory input you can get. Feed each other cotton candy. Use the sugar buzz as an adrenaline booster while braving the wildest roller coaster in the park. Adrenaline is a dandy foreplay additive which breaks down inhibitions. Scream and clutch each other during the ride's climactic moments. It establishes a nice precedent for later.

Take her on a water ride and savor the way she looks in her swim suit, or with her wet T-shirt plastered to her body. Watch as she displays herself, provocatively stoking your mounting sexual hunger. Feel her up covertly (and, when appropriate, not so covertly). Taste the candy apple on her lips. Exploit every chance to build up the sexual tension you're going to release when you're alone together. Tease and be teased. Delayed satisfaction is often the most fulfilling, and having to sneak around a little infuses sex with the old fashioned charm of the forbidden.

You'll soon find yourself inventing ways to let her know exactly what effect the sensual thrills and chills are having on you. The park will be having the same effect on her. Bright lights, loud cries and violent motion tend to overwhelm the subconscious mind, suggesting an end-of-the-world scenario, like the explosion of Krakatoa, where anything and everything goes.

Finally, by the time the park is starting to empty, you will have resurrected the obsessive fever with which you contemplated taking your lover to bed for the first time. This is where sexual spontaneity gives way to prior planning. Note the many mini-vans and campers in the parking lot. If you own one, or if you thought ahead and borrowed one from a friend, you'll find it an excellent place in which to cap off the evening with the greatest thrill ride of them all.
—Lyle Lencesky ●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FANTASY DRIVERS' ED

If the squeal of rubber on hot asphalt is your kind of music, if bright white is the color you love your knuckles to be and if you think you'd not only look great but feel great wearing flame-proof underwear, then professional driving school might be for you.

Ordinary drivers, given that they have tuition money and aren't thrown by the difference between, say, downshifting and threshold braking, can live out their speedway fantasies at any number of excellent academies which teach the art of competitive racing. They're the places of choice for learning how to "heel-and-toe" (downshift) just before entering a sharp corner; how and when to oversteer or understeer; how to find the line through a wide, hairpin turn; and how to properly gun the gas through a downhill S curve even when apparently immobilized by terror.

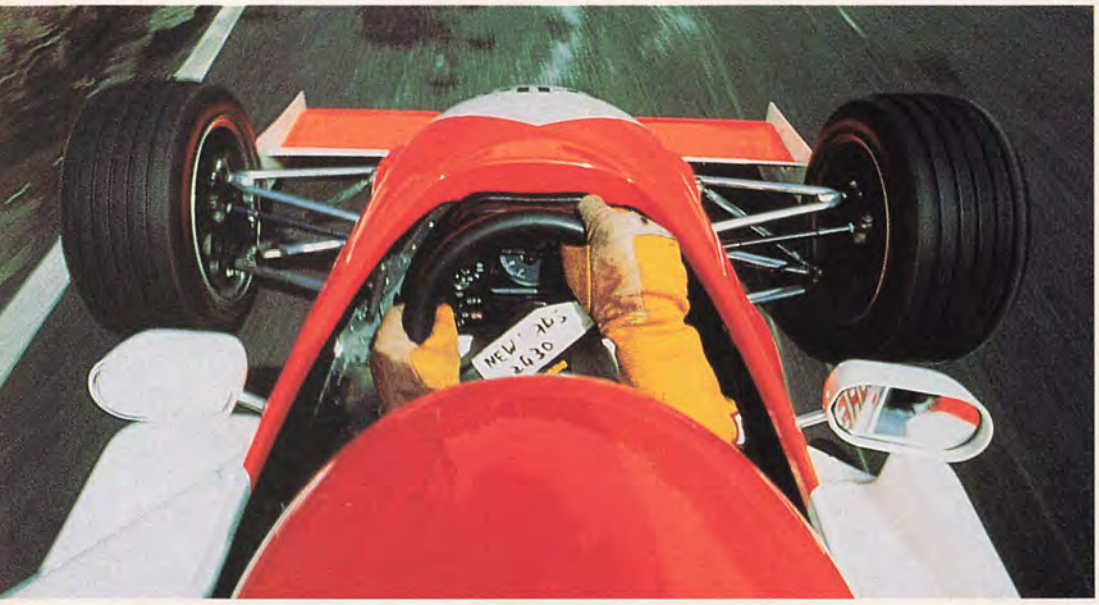
Four of the best institutes of higher car-racing education are:

BERTIL ROOS GRAND PRIX RACING SCHOOL

The Bertil Roos Grand Prix Racing School is located at the Pocono International Raceway, and offers a range of sessions, from a one day, short-course ($425) to a full, five-day program ($3,500). Contact them April through October at P.O. Box 221, Blakeslee, PA 18610 (800/RACE-NOW).

RUSSELL RACING SCHOOL

British racing champ Jim Russell caters to serious-minded students with a three-day, Techniques of Racing course, and an Advanced program. Prices range from $1,395 to $2,495. Founded in 1957, the racing school is reportedly the world's first. Contact them at 1023 Monterey Hwy., Salinas, CA 93908 (408/372-7223).



BOB BONDURANT SCHOOL OF HIGH PERFORMANCE DRIVING

In this school, teachers ride shotgun with their students. The emphasis is on education, not glamour, and students find themselves driving sedans. They offer a one-day program for $600, and others which run for up to four days ($2,495). Contact them at P.O. Box 51980, Phoenix, AZ 85076 (800/842-7223).

ELF WINFIELD SCHOOL

The Winfield school offers a unique, four-day course which puts drivers behind the wheel of one-seater, Martini Formula Renaults. The school is in the South of France, near Marseilles, and charges from $2,600 to $2,800 for the four-day program (tuition, meals, lodging and transportation included, with airfare extra). Contact them at 1409 S. Wilshire Dr., Minnetonka, MN 55343 (612/541-9461). ●

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THE MAGIC BRUTE

On February 19, 1987, Mario Fernando Zablah, a 23-year-old magician and free-spending ladies' man, stood outside Miami's Starlight Express disco, dazzling a Friday-night crowd by making his caged, black cougar, "Babe," disappear before their eyes. Ironically, within days Zablah would be forced to disappear after allegedly brutalizing and murdering a young, attractive admirer.

The victim, Nancy Tripoli, 17, had never met Zablah before that evening. Yet, according to witnesses, she was so infatuated with the performer that when her girlfriends left the disco at 2 a.m., she stayed behind, having accepted Zablah's offer of a ride home. The attraction would prove fatal.

At approximately 4 a.m., say Metro-Dade homicide detectives, Zablah drove Tripoli to his warehouse, where, after unloading his props and cougar, he snorted cocaine and tried to have sex with the girl. When she refused him, the previously charming magician allegedly grew violent, attacking Tripoli with the viciousness of a wild cat. He ripped the leg off one of his magician's tables, and used it to lash out, repeatedly striking the girl in the head. Within minutes, the savage beating was over and Tripoli, her skull crushed and her dress in shreds, lie dead in a pool of blood on the floor.

After loading Tripoli's mangled corpse into the trunk of his 1986 Trans Am, Zablah reportedly drove home. He then stuffed the dead girl into a black, plastic trash can, which he dumped in a canal near Coral Reef Park.

The body was discovered the following afternoon by a group of teenage boys, who spotted bare legs sticking out of the half-submerged container. By then, the limbs were battered and mutilated, as if having been chewed up by passing motorboats.

Standing in the crowd which had gathered to watch police recover the body was Mario's older sister, Maritza Zablah, who told detectives that the trash can looked exactly like the one she'd noticed missing that morning from the home she shared with her uncle and brother.

By Tuesday afternoon, Tripoli's body had been identified through dental records, and the magician, now wanted by police, had vanished. Under questioning, Zablah's friends admitted that the fugitive had confessed to the murder and that before he left town they had helped him dispose of his stage props and cougar. Based on their statements, police found the Pontiac Trans Am in the canal where Zablah said he had dumped it. The trunk was soaked with the victim's blood.

Miami Magician Mario Zablah -- alleged practitioner of slay of hand.

Although Zablah, also known as "The Great Zablah," graduated from Pennsylvania's strict Valley Forge Military Academy, friends say that life was one big party for this fun-loving, local celebrity. He enjoyed a lavish lifestyle, often took his cougar out in public, and always had a beautiful woman on his arm.

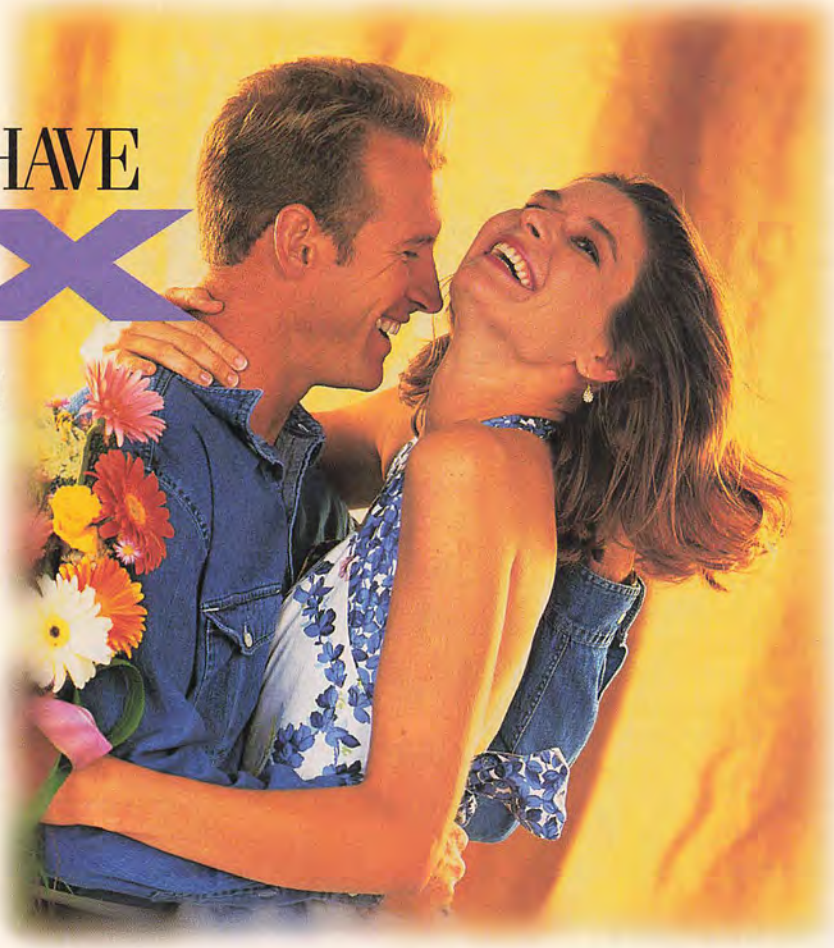
While in Miami, Zablah always went first-class. He had a taste for expensive Italian clothes, the beach, limousines, dancing, sports cars and all-night parties. When he ran short on funds, he would get money from his parents, who owned a successful, export-import business based in El Salvador, and made frequent visits to Florida.

Police believe that Zablah, now 28, could be hiding with his family in San Salvador, or working in the States as a magician and using an alias. He speaks fluent Spanish, idolizes legendary magician David Copperfield and has been known to carry an Uzi submachine gun.

If you have any information on Mario Fernando Zablah, who stands 5'8", weighs 150 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes, contact the Metro-Dade Police Department, Homicide Section (305/547-7456), or your local office of the FBI. —Jack Breslin ●

DON'T JUST HAVE SEX

MAKE IT PASSIONATE!



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R U M O R S

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

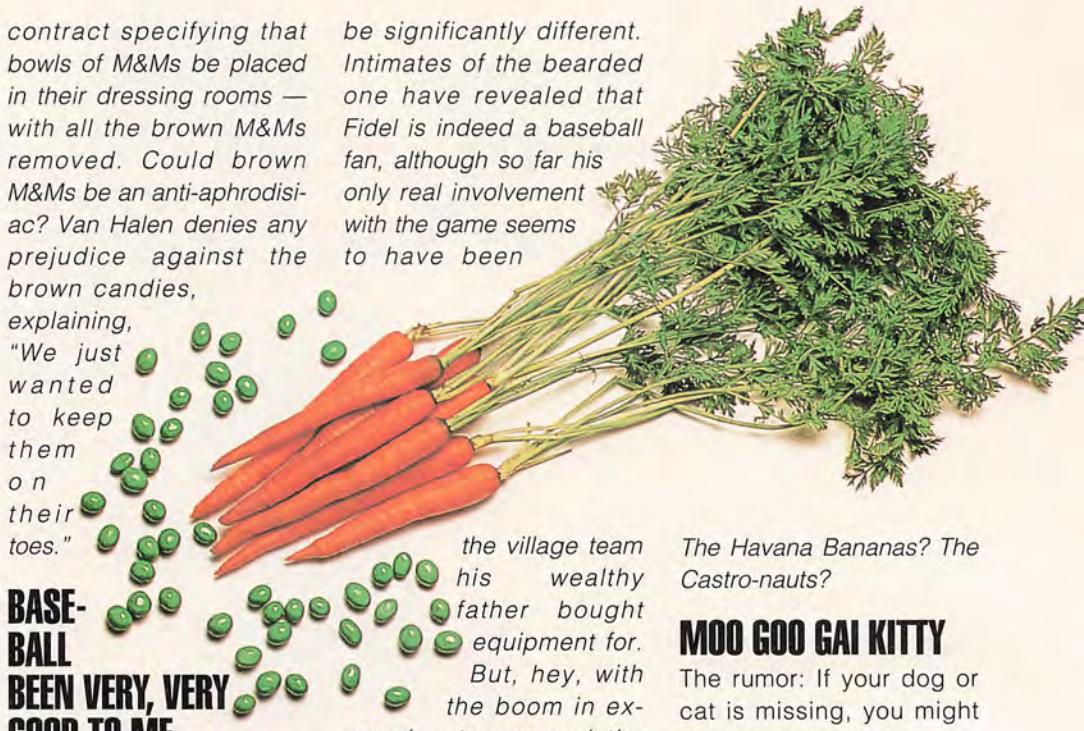
The rumor: "I've heard that people who test HIV-positive are usually denied medical insurance coverage. My step-brother, who does blood tests for an insurance company, tells me there's a way to cheat on the AIDS test. He says that people who are HIV-positive are supposedly able to mask the truth by drinking one quart of carrot juice every day for a week. He says that doing so will cause someone who is HIV-positive to suddenly turn negative when tested."

The truth: There is no magic elixir — no juice, wine, toxin or vat of Yak spit — that can mask the presence of the AIDS virus.

M&M MYSTERIES

The rumor: "My girlfriend is driving me crazy. She says that green M&Ms are aphrodisiacs. She'll buy a pack, pick out all the green ones, and give me the ones that are left. All I know is that I'm sexually exhausted and I'm 10 pounds overweight."

The truth: Americans seem to be fascinated with the candy that melts in your mouth, not in your hands. The mysterious powers of green M&Ms have not only compelled a generation of adolescent boys to pick them out for their girlfriends, but have also inspired a rival candy company to begin marketing a product called "The Greenies" — small, round chocolates covered with only a green candy shell. In a possibly related story, Van Halen used to have a clause in their performing contract specifying that bowls of M&Ms be placed in their dressing rooms — with all the brown M&Ms removed. Could brown M&Ms be an anti-aphrodisiac? Van Halen denies any prejudice against the brown candies, explaining, "We just wanted to keep them on their toes."



BASE-BALL BEEN VERY, VERY GOOD TO ME

The rumor: "A guy on my softball team — who, by the way, sleeps under a pyramid — says he read in the paper that Fidel Castro has offered to let Cuba have free elections in return for a major league franchise in Havana."

The truth: The variation on this rumor is that Castro himself tried out for the old Washington Senators, and had his batting average been a few points higher, the recent history of the Western Hemisphere would be significantly different. Intimates of the bearded one have revealed that Fidel is indeed a baseball fan, although so far his only real involvement with the game seems to have been the village team his wealthy father bought equipment for. But, hey, with the boom in expansion teams and the bust in communist countries, maybe this is a diplomatic idea worth trying. The Cuban Heels? The Havana Bananas? The Castro-nauts?

MOO GOO GAI KITTY

The rumor: If your dog or cat is missing, you might want to check out the kitchen of your local Chinese restaurant.

The truth: The Chinese, like people of many other cultures, often look upon man's best friend as man's best lunch meat. However, unless you find a dog tag in your pork lo mein, you're probably safe. Local Health Departments make unannounced visits to restaurants, and it's hard to hide a Doberman. However, when traveling overseas, you may want to ask what is in the daily special. A tourist guide to Venezuela, for example, thoughtfully publishes a recipe for iguana stew in case visitors wish to create this Latin American favorite at home.

Ed. Note: Heard a good one? Send it in c/o Rumors, Platinum Magazine, 7060 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 800, Hollywood, CA 90028

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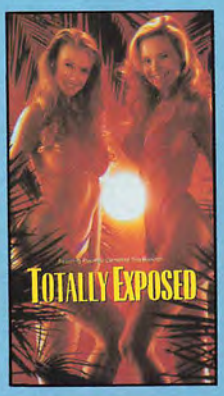

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CPV 527

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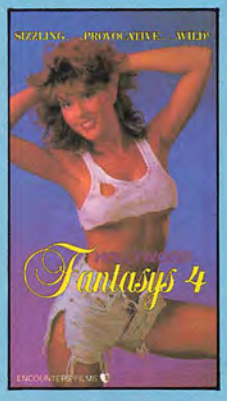

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ENCOUNTERS FILMS

YOU CALL THIS A STEWARDESS?

In the sexy '60s, the ads on television lured us in: "Hi, I'm Candy. Fly me." Wow! Then, she'd smile that stewardess smile, that come-to-me-now smile which meant only one thing. Amen, brothers, that smile meant sex. Mile-high sex. Hot stewie sex. In Rome, New York or in New fucking Jersey, if that's where we were going. They had bouffy blonde hairdos, hot pink lipstick and names like Fifi, Inga and Chantilly. Back in those days stewies were sex symbols, and sleeping with one ranked just ahead of pitching a perfect game in

Yankee Stadium on the Fourth of July.

Yes, once upon a time the skies *were* friendly. But now, God help us, the skies are impartial. In

fact, the god-damn skies are so fucking impartial that one of the stewardesses on the last flight I took looked like the tree in the Wizard of Oz.

Fine, ruin everything in the name of equal opportunity.

Well, at least the new stewies are courteous, right? Yeah, and jumping from heights with an open umbrella is completely safe. I've received better service on the Left Bank in Paris. And really, to be treated rudely by some flying battle-ax who hasn't looked good since the Jets won the Super Bowl is not exactly what I had in mind growing up watching James Bond movies.

I try to sleep, and pray that when I wake up I'll have flown back in time to when angels still flew the skies. Instead, I catch a serving wagon square on the elbow...

"Chicken or fish?"

"Hmmff? Wha..?"

"Would you like the fucking chicken or the fucking fish, sir?" (Honest, that's how it sounded.)

"The chicken, please, and hold the beaks," I ordered, trying to make the best of a bad situation. But even as I said it I knew I was in for it, the way smaller kids know that they're in for it when they mouth off to the big kids.

She glared, and offered me a beverage.

"Coke, Nurse Ratchett," was what I was thinking. "May I please have a Coke, Maam?" is what I said.

She popped the top like the beer guy at a Flyers' game, and asked if I'd like the whole can. Can you imagine? The whole can! Ooh, baby, make me hot.

Remember that kids' game, "What's wrong with this picture?" I was never good at. The dog eating the watermelon, the chicken in the playpen, none of these things seemed wrong to me. (Hell, I even voted for Hillary last fall.) But this stewardess thing is, well, it's just wrong. A stewardess is supposed to be young, sexy, warm, friendly and, well, a *chick!* When I'm trying to relax on the red-eye to New York and someone asks, "Are you comfy?" I do not want to open my eyes and see a guy named Daniel.

I deplane in New York disappointed, again. Over near the exit, grouped by the door, the crew is waiting to wish me good-bye. "Thanks for flying with us. Hope to see you soon." They remind me of third-world bellhops, waiting for their tips.

Where's my Candy? I want her back! ●

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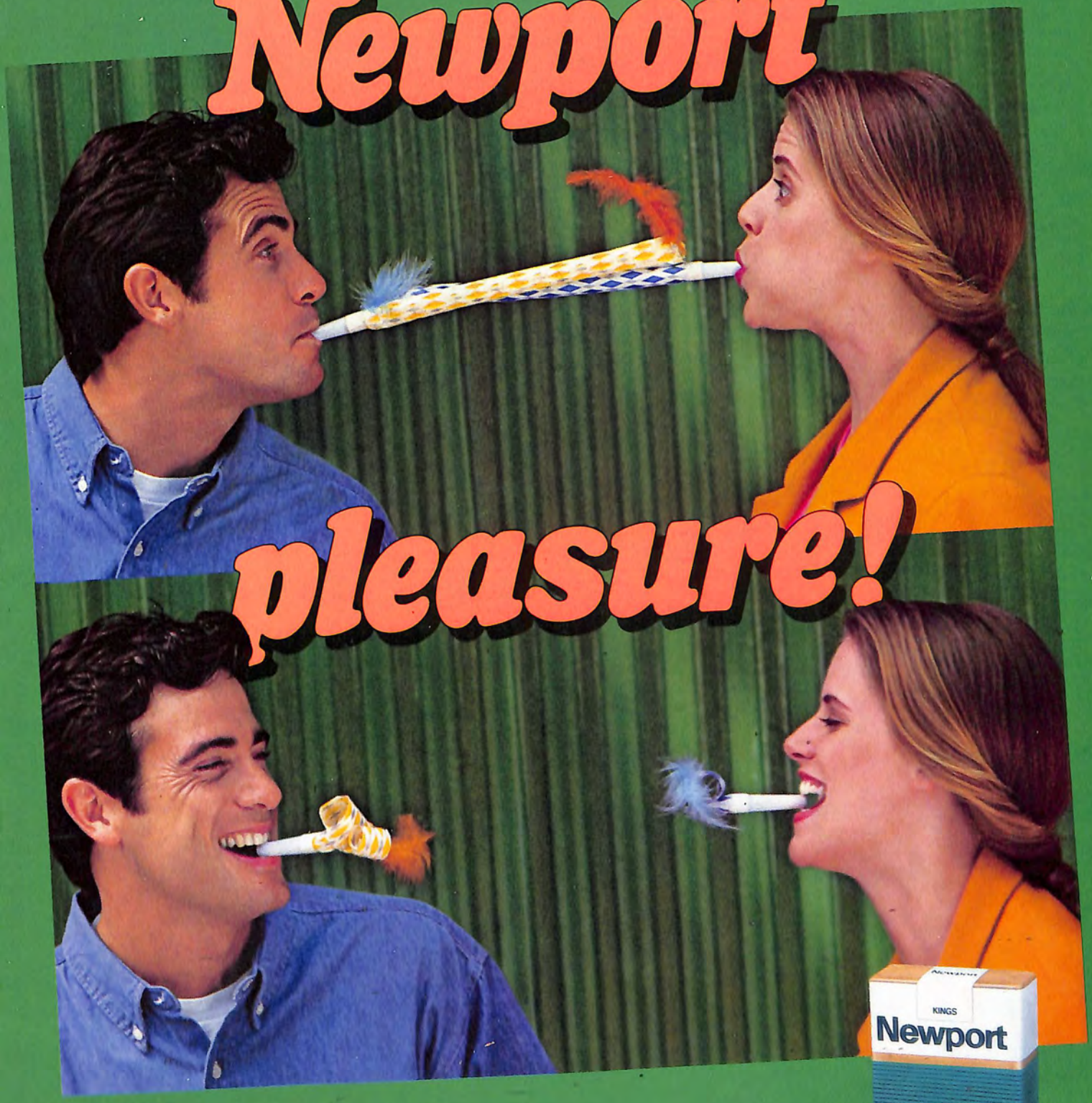
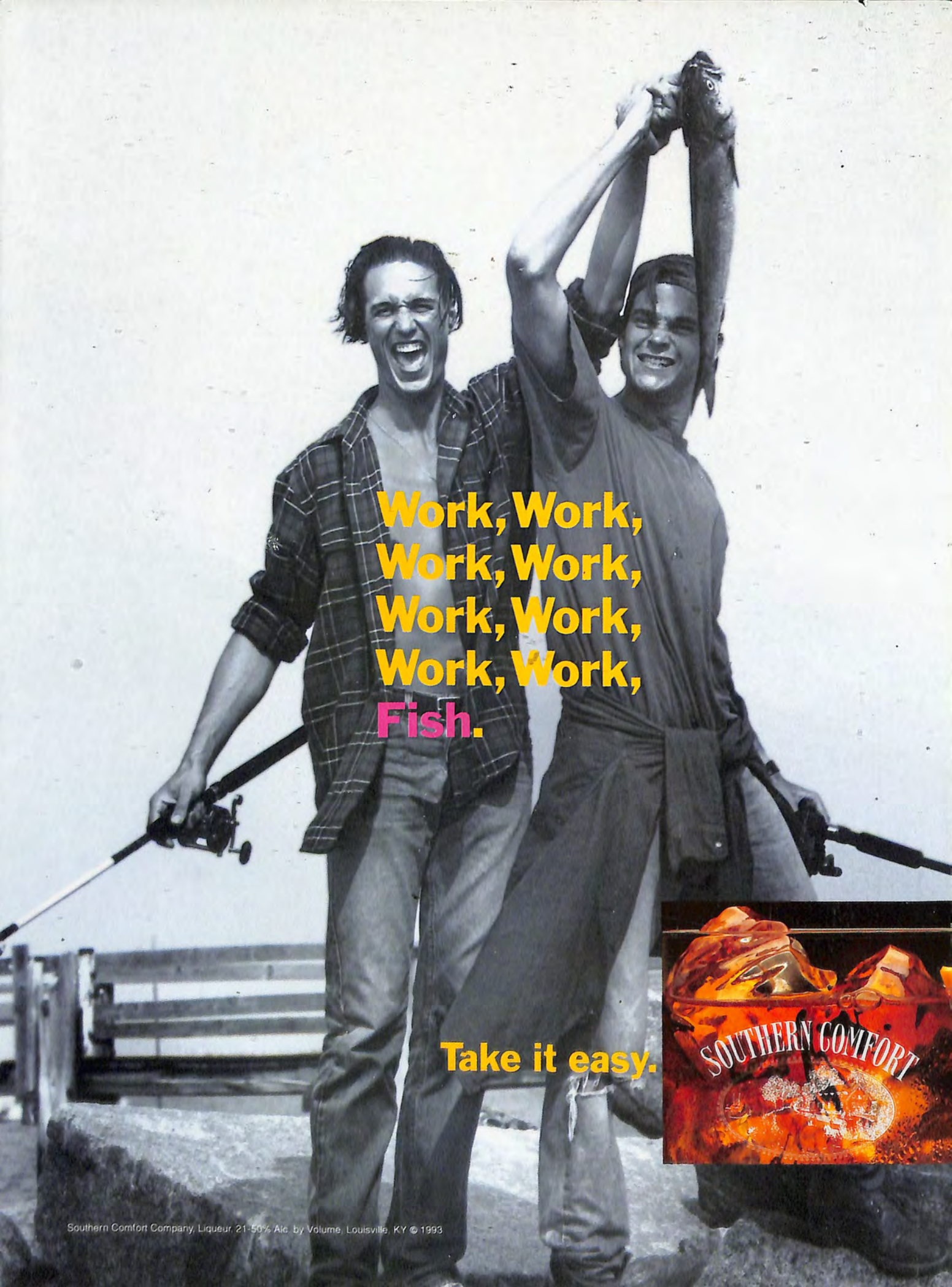


Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Lights Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1993